

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1961

Per Annos

June 1961



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Editorial

"We're sad to say, we're on our way,
Won't be back for many a day."

These are the opening lines of a gentle song sung by a group of sailors departing from the beautiful island of Jamaica. Their hearts are saddened by the thought of leaving a place that has given them so much security and friendship throughout the many days which they have spent away from their homes and families. They express regret at the thought of once again setting sail for the unknown lands and hardships ahead.

We who are leaving King's Hall at this time are beginning to feel much the same way. We also are leaving the security and friendship of our school-days and are "setting sail for the unknown," but Compton training has given us a great deal which can make the experience less frightening.

Miss Gillard has often told us that it is not the **results** of work that count so much as the amount of effort put into it. This is the really important thing. The same idea can, in a way, be applied to life. We cannot all become brilliant scientists or clever mathematicians, but we who go to King's Hall can do our very best for ourselves and others by each trying sincerely to be a credit to our school. When we leave school, no matter what career we may choose, we shall meet new difficulties and responsibilities. The effort to overcome the one and fulfil the other will help us to develop those qualities which one admires in a woman — qualities about which Miss Gillard has spoken to us, explaining their great value.

In the security of our school years, we have seldom had any serious problems, but we can strengthen our characters by learning to be courageous when faced with difficulties, upright and honest in our dealings with others, proud in defeat, humble in victory, and loyal to our school and friends. What is the ultimate result? Happiness.

Someone once said, "There is nothing noble in being superior to some other person. The true nobility is in being superior to one's previous self." I think this statement sums up in a few words everything that is important in getting along with others — an ability so necessary in a gregarious generation such as ours. To try to apply this little saying to our living may, perhaps, be one of the highest goals we could set ourselves.

We who are at school now cannot yet appreciate all the wise advice which has been given us here, but those who have already "set sail for the unknown" assure us with thankful voices that this advice has been of the greatest value in their lives.

The Magazine Committee wish to thank the Staff advisers for their assistance, and also to thank Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Glen, Janet Burgoyne, and Jill Stocker for typing a great deal of Magazine material. We are also grateful to Ann Harrison, Hope Haslam, Barbara Savage and Debbie Rankin who helped with some typing.



Miss Gillard

May 14, 1961.

My Dear Girls:

I am writing to you this year on a subject that is vitally important to a nation and to us as individuals. That subject is the Standards by which we live. I am going to comment briefly on four of these — Standards of Intellectual Labour, Standards of Aesthetic Taste, Standards of Recreation, Standards of Home-Life.

In this age of Science and Research there is no great danger of a lowering of intellectual standards. True, we are not all equally endowed intellectually. The important thing is for each one to work to capacity; for each one to reach the highest standard of which he or she is capable, so that there will be no waste. There is always a niche in the world for the conscientious and reliable person.

There seems, however, to be real danger of the deterioration of aesthetic taste. You have all read and studied some good Literature; you have listened to good Music, and many of you know something of good Art. The enduring element in any form of Art is Beauty. Remember that anything which is crude is only a fad. Do not pretend to like something because everyone else likes it, for the popular taste is often low. Form your own standards and don't be afraid to stick to them because you stand alone.

There are right standards also in recreation. Fortunately life is not all work and we all have time for leisure, but use that time doing something worthwhile. Do not be worthless at any time. Do something that is wholesome and which truly recreates. Walk, ride, swim, paddle, play golf, tennis, or if you are inside, read, sew, knit, cook, help with the housework, listen to good music. There is nothing sadder than to see young people lounging away their spare time. That is a sure sign of an effete civilization.

And now what about our standards of home-life? More and more people are seeking their amusements in crowds, and noise, out of the home. Those of you who have been brought up to enjoy simple pleasures, simple interests and simple duties are indeed blessed. What kind of home-makers are you going to be? Will you create an atmosphere of comfort and well-being for soul and mind and body, and intellectual stimulus for your husband? Will yours be a home where unselfishness, consideration for others, cheerfulness and courage are part of the daily life? If so, there is no danger of the lowering of the standards of home-life, but it depends on you, the home-makers of the future.

So never let your standards waver. If you ever slip, climb back to your standard; do not bring it down to your level.

Life nowadays is so complicated and we live at such a fast tempo that we are inclined not to notice the beauty that is around us. It is a sorrow to me to realize that some of you have such shallow and superficial interests and values that you cannot appreciate the beauty of simple, everyday things. I am, therefore, going to close this letter with a favourite quotation of mine taken from, "A Letter to a Mother" in the hope that you will read it often and ponder it, and so come to value it.

"There is beauty in homely things
Which many people have never seen.
For instance, do you know
Sunlight through a jar of beach-plum jelly;
A rainbow in soapsuds in dishwater:
An egg yolk in a blue bowl:
White ruffled curtains sifting moonlight;
The colour of cranberry glass;
A little cottage with blue shutters;
Crimson roses in an old stone crock;
The smell of newly-baked bread;
Candlelight on old brass;
The soft brown of a cocker's eyes?"

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard

Adapted from a chapter in "Eternal Youth."

In Memoriam

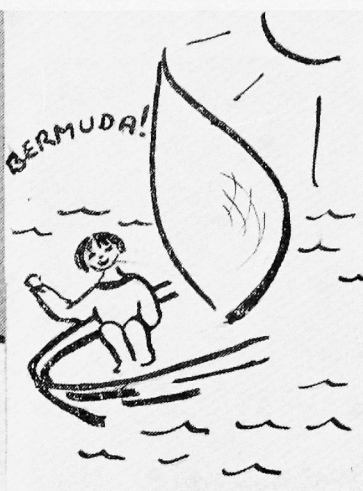
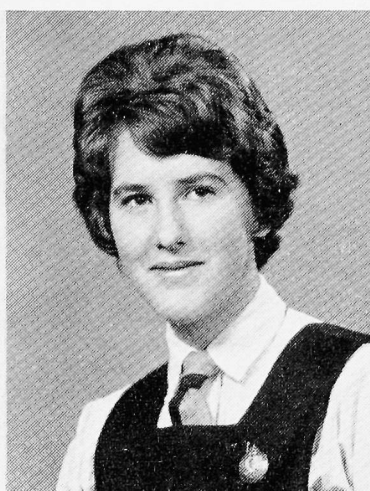
Mr. Jackson Dodds

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death of Mr. Jackson Dodds, on April 7th. Mr. Dodds was an active member of the Board of Governors of King's Hall for over twenty-five years, and very rarely missed a meeting. He was a tower of strength to the school, being keenly interested in anything touching it. In losing Mr. Dodds, King's Hall has lost a true and valued friend.

Canon Kelley

King's Hall lost another beloved and valued friend in Canon Kelley, who died in Montreal on Tuesday, May 16. From 1938 to 1948 he was Rector of St. James Church in Compton and Chaplain of King's Hall. Those who were at the school when Canon Kelley was here recall his kindness and goodness and have learned of his death with sorrow.

Head Girl



GILLIAN ROWAN LEGG—"Gill"
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Head Girl Rideau
1958-61

"Silence at the proper season is wisdom
and better than any speech."

Activities: Form Captain VI B, VI A, Matric; Literature Club; Glee Club;
Library Committee; Cheerleading; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Gym Squad;
Badminton; Tennis; Skiing; Swimming.

Favourite Expression:—"I just wanted to say . . ."

Favourite Pastime:—Talking and dreaming about Bermuda.

Ambition:—Child Psychologist.

Probable Destination:—Being psychoanalyzed by a child.

Pet Aversion:—People who beat me to the bath at 7:15.

Head Girl's Message

It is very difficult to believe that we are in the final stretch of our school year and that it is time for me to write my "Head Girl's Message."

Being the Head Girl of King's Hall has been a position that I have truly enjoyed. Of course there were times when the Prefects and I could have wrung your necks, but the majority of you have been most co-operative. I have loved being a member of all three Houses and attending your House meetings each Sunday. At our first House meetings it seemed rather strange shouting M-O-N-T-C-A-L-M and M-A-C-D-O-N-A-L-D as well as R-I-D-E-A-U, but as the weeks rolled by I felt myself hoping that you would all win, and so, to those Houses which do win the Sports and Work shields, my congratulations; to those who are not so fortunate — do not be discouraged; not everybody can be a winner. Your House spirit has been marvellous; therefore you have all gained an intangible reward through your efforts.

Now as we, the Matrics. of '61, leave King's Hall and sing for the last time:

"Forty years on when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing today,"

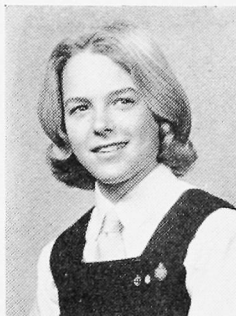
memories of my three years spent here come to my mind — our soccer games in the autumn, (also the croc walks!); skiing at Hillcrest; our little meetings in the gym; repeating "I had to laugh"; the Gym Demonstration; the closing ceremonies, to mention but a few. Next year when all we Matrics. are scattered from Switzerland to Alberta, and from Nova Scotia to California, our thoughts will often turn back to King's Hall. Then we shall think especially of the Prefects and Matrics. of next year. To all of you — the very best of luck! I hope that you will derive as much pleasure from your duties as we have done from ours, and remember, as Miss Gillard says, "You can't enjoy the sunshine without the rain." May the future hold much happiness for you all!

To Miss Gillard

On behalf of all the girls, may I, Miss Gillard, express our warmest and most affectionate congratulations that you — the second woman to be so honoured by Bishop's University — are to receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, honoris causa, at the May Convocation. On that day a great many of "your girls" — past and present — will be very proud and happy that everything you have meant to us, to King's Hall, and to the cause of education is now being publicly recognized.

GILLIAN ROWAN-LEGG.

Prefects



PEGGY BUTTERFIELD—"Butsi"
Point Shares, Bermuda

Head of Macdonald
1958-61

"I have faith in fools —
self-confidence my friends will call it."

Activities:—Sports Captain VI A; Assistant Crucifer; Library Committee;
Literature Club; Choir; Dramatics; Glee Club; Public Speaking; Current
Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis;
Badminton.

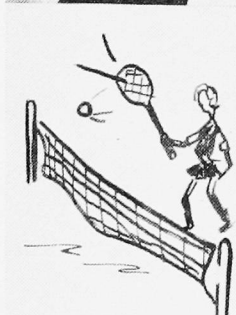
Favourite Expression:—"Lots of Luck."

Favourite Pastime:—Sleeping in "the splendid silent sun with all its
beams full dazzling."

Ambition:—Practical Surgery.

Probable Destination:—Cutting my own knees to shreds.

Pet Aversion:—People who say, "Aren't you excited."



DIANA GORDON—"Di"
Toronto, Ontario

Prefect on Macdonald
1958-61

"Her imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich;
it enabled her to run but not to soar."

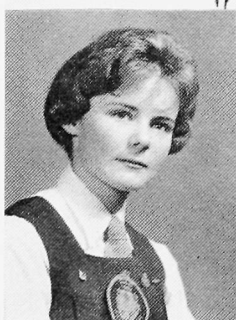
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee;
Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Badminton;
Tennis; Skiing; Swimming.

Ambition:—To travel once around the world, and then again half way
round, visiting only the intricate and "undiscovered" places!

Probable Destination:—Travelling half way around Toronto, but still
visiting the intricate and "undiscovered" places!

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I didn't get any mail before I even ask!



JUDITH WESTWATER—"Judy"
Montreal, Quebec

Head of Montcalm
1955-61

"Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

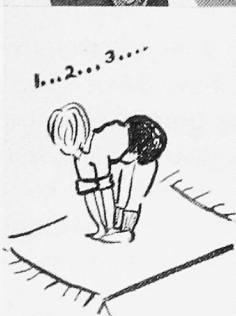
Activities:—Form Captain IV A, V B; Head of Library Committee;
Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Magazine Committee; Current
Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Hi!"

Ambition:—Social worker.

Pet Aversion:—Swimming in the pool.



MARY MOLSON—"Marc"
Montreal, Quebec

Prefect on Montcalm
1958-61

"Perfection is the Child of Time."

Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Sports Captain VI B; Choir; Literature
Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Current Events;
Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis;
Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"That isn't the point!"

Ambition:—Honours English—McGill.

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I'm cross-eyed.



BONNIE BERNIER—"Mouse"
Sweetsburg, Quebec

Head of Rideau
1955-61

"Born with a gift of laughter
and a sense that the world is mad."

Activities:—Sports Captain V B, V A, VI B, VI A; Glee Club; Literature
Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Gym Squad; Swimming; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"B-A-R-B-I-E H-E-L-P!"

Favourite Pastime:—Living in the 'phone booth!

Pet Aversion:—Roommates who sing "La Marseillaise" at 6:00 in the
morning.



VIRGINIA NICHOLS—"Ginna"
Calgary, Alberta

Prefect on Rideau
1957-61

"I'm not denying that women are foolish;
The Good Lord made them a match for men!"

Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Choir; Literature Club; Glee Club;
Library Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis;
Badminton; Swimming; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh stop . . . is that right? One doesn't even get
time to think around here."

Favourite Pastime:—Collecting mail.

Ambition:—Geologist.

Probable Destination:—Doodlebugging.

Pet Aversion:—To have someone tell me I can't sing.

GAY BELL—"Gaybell"
Hamilton, Ontario

School Residence Captain
Macdonald 1956-61

"Give me the luxuries of life
and I will dispense with the necessities."

Activities:—Campanologist VI A; Literature Club; Santa Claus at Christmas; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Swimming; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh go on with you!"

Ambition:—To be a belle.

Probable Destination:—Being just Gay.

Pet Aversion:—Intoxicated flies!

LINDA FRASER—"Fraze"
Baie Comeau, Quebec

School Residence Captain
Rideau 1957-61

"It's better to be a full 'half-pint' than an empty quart."

Activities:—Red Cross Secretary; Literature Club; Glee Club; Dramatics; Public Speaking; Cheerleading; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis.

Favourite Pastime:—Harmonizing with Outie.

Ambition:—To graduate from Mount A. with a Bachelor of Household Science.

Probable Destination:—Chief chef-"ess" at Mount A.

Pet Aversion:—People who 'hog' the bath.

HEATHER GRANT—"Hez"
Halifax, Nova Scotia

School Sports Captain
Montcalm 1958-61

"I should like well to spend the whole of my live travelling abroad,
if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home."

Activities:—Sports Captain VI A; Literature Club; Library Committee; Glee Club; Public Speaking; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh! . . . Isn't that just fierce!"

Ambition:—To travel and see the world.

Probable Destination:—The Navy!

Pet Aversion:—An airmail romance—it's for the birds!

JANE MACDOUGALD—"MacDoug"
India, Scotland

School Sports Captain
Montcalm 1958-61

"Thou and I, my friend, can, in this most flunkey world,
make, each of us, one non-flunkey, one hero, if we like:
That will be two heroes to begin with."

Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Sports Captain VI A; Public Speaking; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball-School; Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Badminton; Gym Squad; Swimming; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"What to do!?"

Ambition:—To travel with the U.N.

Probable Destination:—Having a conducted tour through the U.N. building.

Pet Aversion:—Jive Queens and gum chewers.

Matric Sports Captain

GILLIAN MACLAREN—"Pony"
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Montcalm
1958-61

"Speak not because you have to say something,
but because you have something to say."

Activities:—Matric. Sports Captain; Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Choir; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—"But . . ."

Pet Aversion:—Unanswered telephones.

Matrics

JUDITH ARCHER—"Jud"
Richelieu, Quebec

Rideau
1958-61

"Be happy while y'er leevin'
For y'er a long time deid."

Activities:—Literature Club; Library Committee; Cheerleading; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

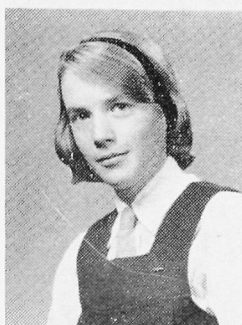
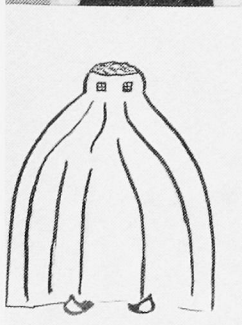
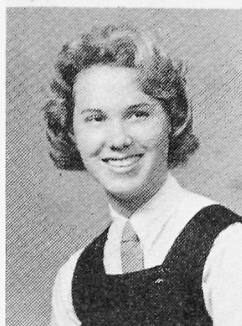
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Basketball-House; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming; Skiing.

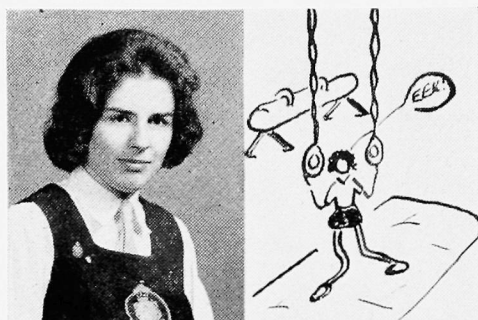
Favourite Expression:—"Heh! That would be neat."

Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters to (?)

Ambition:—B.A. at McGill and dress designing.

Pet Aversion:—People that waste time.





FRANÇOISE BIELER—"Francie"
Sillery, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-61

"We are very wide awake the moon and I."

Activities:—Crucifer; Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Dramatics;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Basketball-House.
Favourite Expression:—"Oh I don't know!"
Favourite Pastime:—Day dreaming.
Ambition:—An interpreter.
Probable Destination:—Being interpreted.
Pet Aversion:—Getting up in the morning.



BARBARA CORDEAU—"Shaggy"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1958-61

"The only way to resist temptation is to yield to it."

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Library
Committee; Dramatics; Public Speaking; Current Events; Junior Red
Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Gym Squad; Tennis; Bad-
minton; Swimming; Skiing.
Favourite Pastime:—Playing "hookey."
Ambition:—To visit Europe.
Probable Destination:—Reading travel logs.
Pet Aversion:—Work.



SHARON FROST—"Poil"
Beaconsfield, Quebec

Rideau
1957-61

"My life is measured out with coffee spoons."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Dramatics; Library
Committee; Per Annos Editor, Producer of Matric Entertainment;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Basketball-House.
Favourite Expression:—"... up a wall!"
Favourite Pastime:—Coffee in "Apud Nos."
Ambition:—Air Stewardess.

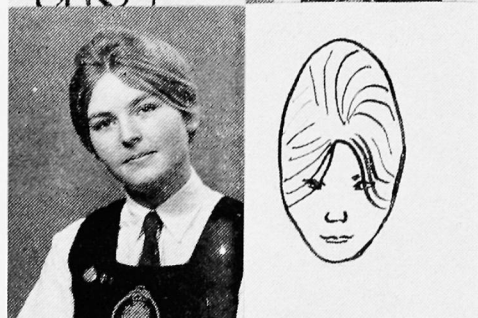


KATHARINE KINGSTON—"Kathy"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1958-61

"I like work—It fascinates me—
I can sit and look at it for hours."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Cheerleading;
Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Daydreaming about ... ?
Ambition:—To be a wine taster.
Probable Destination:—Being President of the A.A.



MARTHA MEAGHER—"Marr"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1956-61

"This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end.
But it is **perhaps**, the end of the beginning."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red
Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming;
Skiing.
Favourite Expression:—"Oh reely?"
Ambition:—To go to Japan.
Probable Destination:—Maid in Japan.



NANCY NICHOL—"Nickie"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-61

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Magazine
Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Basketball-House; Tennis;
Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"Silliest thing!"
Favourite Pastime:—Matric room, music, munching.
Ambition:—Paris.
Probable Destination:—A beat-Nick.

JILL OUGHTRED—"Outie"
Thetford Mines, Quebec

Montcalm
1958-61

"Conscience gets a lot of credit which belongs to cold feet."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Cheerleading; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-School; Volleyball-House; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing.

Favourite Expression:—" 'scuse me!"

Ambition:—That's a good question.

Probable Destination:—Ditto!!

Pet Aversion:—Harmonizing (?) with Frazee.



JENNIFER PUNNETT—"Jen"
St. Vincent, British West Indies

Macdonald
1957-61

"To thine own self be true;
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Activities:—Literature Club; Library Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis.

Ambition:—To sit under a palm tree.

Probable Destination:—Planting palm trees to sit under.

Pet Aversion:—The rising bell.



BECKY ROMANO—"Beck"
Barranquilla, Colombia

Montcalm
1956-61

"Last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Cheerleading; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

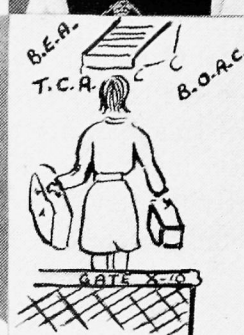
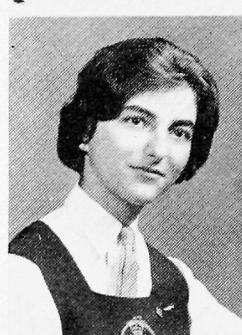
Sports:—Soccer-House; Basketball-House; Volleyball-House; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Tis a pity . . ."

Ambition:—To own a villa on the Riviera, a house in Paris and a shack in Rio.

Probable Destination:—Real estate dealer.

Pet Aversion:—People who ask me if I made that joke up.



CAROL SONNE—"Sonné"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1956-61

"If you don't want to be known for doing something,
then don't do it."

Activities:—Candy Cupboard Keeper; Choir; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-School; Volleyball-House; Swimming; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"I was so embarrrrr - - - - assed!"

Favourite Pastime:—Talking.

Pet Aversion:—Fire Drills at precisely 11:40 p.m.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR—"Betty"
Lennoxville, Quebec

Rideau
1956-61

"It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly,
unless one has plenty of work to do."

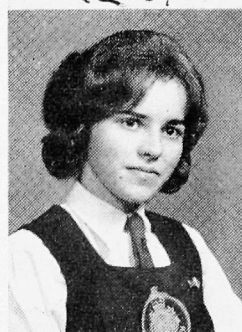
Activities:—Literature Club; Head of Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Swimming; Skiing.

Ambition:—To get a bachelor.

Probable Destination:—Getting a Bachelor of Arts.

Pet Aversion:—Serving cocoa to minors.



ESME VAUGHAN—"Es"
Toronto, Ontario

Macdonald
1958-61

"A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Library Committee; Cheerleading; Red Cross President; Current Events.

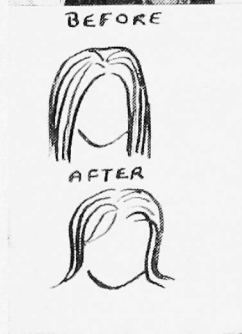
Sports:—Soccer-School; Basketball-House; Volleyball-House.

Favourite Pastime:—Sleeping.

Ambition:—Interior Decorator.

Probable Destination:—Paper hanger.

Pet Aversion:—Getting dressed up.



The School Year

	1960
School opened for the Christmas Term.....	Sept. 14
Appointment of the Prefects.....	Sept. 16
Matric. Entertainment.....	Oct. 1
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	Oct. 8-10
Soccer Match — B.C.S. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....	Oct. 18
Soccer Match — B.C.S vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....	Oct. 19
Soccer Match — Bishop's University Women's Team vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....	Oct. 26
Tea Dance at B.C.S.....	Oct. 28
Soccer Match — Bishop's University vs. K.H.C. at Bishop's University.....	Oct. 31
Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....	Nov. 4
Royal Canadian Ballet at Sherbrooke.....	Nov. 9
French Plays put on by Juniors.....	Nov. 27
Christmas Exams.....	Dec. 3-9
Early morning carols by Choir.....	Dec. 9
Nativity Play, Carol Service, Christmas Party.....	Dec. 10
School closed for Christmas Vacation.....	Dec. 15

	1961
School re-opened for Easter Term.....	Jan. 10
Speaker from Bradford Junior College.....	Jan. 23
George Butterfield's slides on S.A.C. Tour.....	Jan. 28
Snow Sculpturing Contest.....	Feb. 12
Annual School Dance.....	Feb. 17
"Androcles and the Lion" — VI B.....	Feb. 26
"Noah" — Bishop's University.....	Mar. 3
Choir — St. George's Church, Lennoxville.....	Mar. 5
Biology Exhibition — Bishop's University.....	Mar. 10-11
Piano Recital — John MacKay.....	Mar. 12
Basketball game — U.B.C. vs. K.H.C. at U.B.C.....	Mar. 14
"Elizabeth Refuses" — VI A.....	Mar. 19
Bishop's University Glee Club at K.H.C.....	Mar. 20
School Closed for Eastern Vacation.....	Mar. 22 - Apr. 5
Piano Recital — Miss Anna Macdonald.....	Apr. 9
Lecture on Iceland — Dr. Petingill.....	Apr. 15, A.M.
Youth Drama Festival.....	Apr. 15, P.M.
Red Cross Evening.....	Apr. 16
Dance Recital — Jose Greco, Sherbrooke.....	Apr. 20
Confirmation.....	May 7
Invitation Dance — B.C.S.....	May 12
Choir at B.C.S. Evensong.....	May 14
Long Week-end.....	May 20-22
Degree of D.C.L., honoris causa, conferred on Miss Gillard, Bishop's University.....	May 27
Final School Examinations.....	May 31 — June 7
School Closing.....	June 8, 9

THE MATRIC. ENTERTAINMENT

One night in late October the Matrics. presented to us the product of their imagination, talent, sense of humour, and many hours of toil and effort, in their Matric. Entertainment, planned and directed by Sharon Frost.

They opened their show with a song from "South Pacific," "Happy Talk." Then came the Compton version of "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered" under the name of "The Three M's." These stood for Meals, Mail, and the Movie — the three main features of Compton life. This was very well done by three girls who represented the majority of the school — fans, of course, of Mail, Meals, and Movies.

An amusing pantomime followed, with all the words taken literally. This provided many good laughs for all of us. "Bride for a Day," a burlesque of the television programme "Queen for a Day," was entertaining and clever.

One of the most popular numbers of the show was the mock trial of Miss Wallace, accused of attempting to asphixiate her chemistry class with sulphur fumes. Witnesses were called and the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty." The court fined Miss Wallace five minutes of each class, reducing every one of her classes to half an hour. (I may add that she has not yet paid the fine and may have to face additional charges later.)

Then a man appeared hoarsely shouting "Water!" When water was finally produced he whipped out a comb and proceeded to comb his hair. Some Compton "chat" before a B.C.S. dance followed this. It was familiar to most of us and we all had a good laugh over it. The Matrics. then went through the well-loved "Whatzammattama?" This they had done in VI A but their Matric. show wouldn't have been complete without it.

More jokes and a "Max-fixit" beauty ad. pantomimed by two people acting as one produced some hilarious effects. "Clem and Jethro" put in an ad. for Kellogg's cornflakes; this was very good.

To end their programme the Matrics. sang "Compton Farewell," a song adapted from "Jamaica Farewell," with words suitable to the occasion.

The "Entertainment" was lively and vivid from beginning to end. On behalf of the School I say, "Three Cheers for the Matrics.!"

SUSAN BRAINERD, VI A.

THANKSGIVING

This year Thanksgiving fell on October tenth, therefore our weekend was from the eighth to the tenth. As the weather was quite nice on the whole, most of our parents drove up to take their daughters and guests out for two days of the three. To raise money for our Red Cross, raffle tickets were sold on Saturday and Sunday for a "Veeblefettzer," (a green monster), a framed picture by Harriet Dupont, and Chocolate fudge.

On Monday, after a delicious turkey dinner, the raffle was held and there were three lucky winners. Andy Newman won the fudge, Hope Haslam the "Veeblefettzer," and Miss Ramsay the picture. We all enjoyed ourselves and we feel that this year's Thanksgiving celebration was a success.

SHAUN O'BRIEN, VI A.

TEA DANCE — 1960

Once again B.C.S. kindly invited the girls of King's Hall to attend their annual tea dance, which for the first time was held at night. This event took place on October 28 in their gym, which had been gaily decorated in a Hallowe'en theme. The setting for the band was the softly illuminated stage. A lovely array of carnations added to the misty effect.

The famous Charleston was danced by eager enthusiasts, and for the others there were variations of the Cha-cha, Bunny Hop, and Mambo. At half-time some of the boys with musical talent played and sang such songs as 'When the Saints,' for the audience, who enjoyed every minute of it. We want to thank B.C.S. for the party, an altogether splendid affair.

ANNE MACDONALD, VI B.

P.S.—An extremely enjoyable "invitation" dance was held on Friday evening, May 12.

TALK ON BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE

Towards the end of January Mr. Batchelder of Bradford Junior College came to tell us about the courses given at the College. As a graduate of McGill he was able to explain both the advantages and disadvantages to a Canadian girl of attending a junior college in the United States, such as Bradford. He told us about the purpose of a university and even went on to tell some of his personal experiences at college. I might add that his talk was beneficial even to those who might not be thinking of going to Bradford.

JUDITH ARCHER, Matric.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The night belonging to goblins and witches had finally arrived, and the beehive called King's Hall hummed with activity. First came the long anticipated Hallowe'en supper, but as we entered the dining-room we received a shock; it seemed as black as night! We felt our way to the tables with the help of a few candles, and as our eyes became more accustomed to the darkness we could make out the shadowy outlines of spiders, goblins, and wicked-looking witches. All this transformation had been done by the VI B's, with the help of Miss Wait. They had created an eerie atmosphere.

Supper was traditional with hot-dogs and ice-cream and pumpkin tarts, and a great deal of happy noise. Much merriment was caused by the Staff who, entering into the spirit of the occasion, cleared the first course. A jolly supper!

The evening's performance began soon after that. Each Form had prepared a short skit for the amusement of the school. Everyone, of course, went to the party in costume. The Matrics. portrayed a very entertaining reunion "Fifty years on." For the VI A skit, see the Form Report. They hadn't matured much in those fifty years! The VI B's with some help from Miss Ramsay and Miss Menzies did a most spirited and funny song and pantomime, "The Grand Old Duke of York." The most striking thing about the Duke as "he" marched up the hill and down again with all his men, was the exaggerated English accent. The IV A's and V B's skit was on advertising — and very clever, while the V A's did little skits based on nursery rhymes. These took us back to the days of our childhood.

As a grand finale the Staff, still in their "Saints" costumes, came down from the gallery where they had been watching, and bobbed apples with us.

We all had a wonderful evening. As we filed past Miss Gillard saying our "good-nights," she gave each one of us a chocolate bar, with which we went sleepily to bed.

CITA PHILPOTT, VI A.

THE FRENCH EVENINGS

In the first two terms we have had the pleasure of seeing the Juniors put on several groups of French plays, under the direction of Madame Landes. Also on these evenings, a number of French poems have been recited by members of the Junior Forms, of V A, and of VI B. We all realize the great amount of work that has been put into these evenings both by Madame Landes and the girls, who for weeks before drilled on the poems morning after morning. It takes a great deal of courage for a girl to get up on the stage and

recite a poem in a foreign language, but this year there were even more eager participants than usual. Not only do these recitations help the individual with her pronunciation, but they also test our ear.

Madame Landes, I know that I speak for all the audience when I say how much we enjoyed your most entertaining and educational evenings. Thank you!

FRANÇOISE BIELER, Matric.

THE CAROL SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the last Sunday of the Christmas term the whole school was assembled in the Prep. Hall, but not for Prep. The lights dimmed and the curtain rose on the V A, V B, and IV A Mystery Play, "The Nativity," produced by Miss Hewson. The singing was as delightful as the setting. Especially appreciated were the solos by Pinkle Sturgeon, Wendy Rankin, Barbara Monk, and Vicki Stewart.

After this the various classes sang their French carols, a part of the service keenly anticipated from year to year. Under Mlle. Cailteux and Miss Macdonald we had been practising for weeks. Preparing the carols is one of the things we like best in our French course. Such old favourites as "Petit Noël," and "O Douce Nuit" were mingled with the less familiar "Le Noel d' Adam" and "Le Noel de Petit Enfants." We then had the pleasure of hearing the students of Spanish sing "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Silent Night" in Spanish. The service ended with several carols beautifully sung by the choir. As always, we filed down to the Lounge between two rows of choir girls holding candles and singing "Silent Night."

In the Lounge the scene and atmosphere changed. The VI A's had decorated it as the North Pole with great white polar bears and enormous icicles. This was a fitting background for Santa Claus and his helpers — in real life the Matrics. They presented the members of the Staff with gifts from the tree accompanied by clever verses of their own composition. Santa himself presented Miss Gillard with the School's Christmas gift to her — a setting of soup spoons.

The evening ended with everyone singing "favourite" carols to the accompaniment of Miss Macdonald on the piano, Mrs. Aitken on the organ, and Miss Wallace on the flute. The evening ended, but every day that week Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Aitken, and Miss Wallace played carols for a little while and informal groups stood around them or sat on the stairs singing. We want our musicians to know how much we appreciated their playing. It brought the first glow of Christmas into the sometimes "hectic" last days of term.

THE FORMAL

The 1961 Formal was a terrific success. "Five minutes to go—", the excited girls whispered among themselves, until the time came for them to glide down the stairs to their waiting partners.

The gym. was transformed into a jungle of enchantment on the night of February 17th, thanks to the VI's, who were responsible for the decorations, and the atmosphere was delightful.

The varied music gave each individual an opportunity to show his gift for a special kind of dance; Waltzes, Rumbas, Sambas, Cha-Chas and many other types of dance were enjoyed by everyone.

The dance was over all too soon and the Bishop's boys slowly made their way to the waiting cars while the girls wandered upstairs, some treasuring their thoughts, and others completely ready to settle back into school routine.

JENNIFER PUNNETT, Matric.

THE VI B PLAY

"Androcles and the Lion," that delightful and lively play by Shaw, was very cleverly cut by Miss Menzies for the use of the VI B's of 1961. The cast of twenty-six actresses under the direction of Miss Menzies rehearsed very faithfully all through the winter term. On February 18 the finished production was put on with great success before the school. For the benefit of the Red Cross we charged a small admission fee, by means of which we earned twenty-four dollars and sixty cents.

The antics and roaring of the Lion (Margaret Glen) and the meekness of Androcles (Esther Franklin) with "his" adoration of all animals, together with the excellent acting of the entire cast held the attention of the audience throughout the evening. Miss Menzies and her assistant, Janet Burgoyne, were well rewarded for all their hard work.

"Androcles and the Lion," along with Miss MacLennan's production of the VI A "Elizabeth Refuses" was entered in the Youth Drama Festival held at B.C.S. on April 15. In spite of the understandable nervousness of the young actresses "Androcles and the Lion" won second place in the contest, the first place going to the B.C.S. production of Shaw's "Passion, Poison, and Petrefaction," directed by Mr. Ferris.

The adjudicator, Mr. Charles Rittenhouse, said that Androcles was "A very good production of an ideal high school play," and regretted that it had had to be cut to conform to the time limit placed on Festival entries. Mr. Rittenhouse praised the acting in general and the skill with which such large groups were moved and grouped on the stage. Androcles (Esther Franklin) was the runner-up for

the "Best Actress" award. He also especially commended Spintho (Nickie Druce), and Ferovious (Dougie Trudeau) who did great credit to such a demanding part. The actors and actresses are all to be congratulated on a fine play.

CATHERINE WOOTTEN, VI A.

VI A PLAY

The VI A play was "Elizabeth Refuses," a miniature drama based on Jane Austen's **Pride and Prejudice**. Two extremely humorous parts of that novel were chosen by the adapter, Margaret MacNamara; these were Elizabeth's refusal of Mr. Collins' proposal and her refusal to satisfy Lady Catherine by renouncing Mr. Darcy.

With the new stage curtains, the VI A's were able to produce their play without scenery, but with just a few properties. They and the audience were pleased with the results.

The girls in the cast gave a great deal of time to producing as good a performance as they were able to do. Suann Cross's Mrs. Bennett was fluttery, inconsequential, and extremely vital. She got all the expected laughs from the audience. Ann Gordan as Jane was charming and quiet, as Jane should have been; Elizabeth Hampson bowed with exaggerated ceremony and made an entertaining Mr. Collins. Unfortunately a bad cold robbed her of "voice" in the Festival. Elizabeth had courage indeed not to be over-awed by Lady Catherine — Susan Brainerd — who swept onto the stage in feathers, velvet and satin, and stared through her lorgnette with all the arrogance of an eighteenth century "grande dame."

At the Festival "The Best Actress" award went to Catherine Stewart for her Elizabeth, a part she played with exceptional charm and subtlety. She managed to be both gentle and spirited and to withstand Mr. Collins' importunities and Lady Catherine's bullying with an ironic firmness and without for an instant letting us forget that she was a "gentlewoman." Our congratulations, Cathy.

Much credit is due to Joyce Leslie, the Prompter. Prompting is one of those thankless but necessary tasks in play producing. Without an alert and intelligent prompter the actors cannot play with confidence. Joyce gave them the necessary feeling of reassurance. Thank you.

"Elizabeth Refuses" was put on before the school as a dress rehearsal on March 19, and was entered in the Youth Drama Festival held at Bishop's College School on April 15. We may add that although it received an appreciative adjudication, it did not "rank." That honour was granted the VI B play.

BIOLOGY EXHIBITION

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 9, 19, 11, Dr. Langford, the biology professor at Bishop's University, presented another biology exhibition. This year it was on the subject, "Man."

A busload of VA's and VI B's left early Friday afternoon for the University and returned very pleased indeed. On Saturday afternoon the VI A's and Matric.'s had their turn. To put it shortly, it was fascinating. There were displays on just about every function of man, as well as demonstrations, tests each person could take, and films running continuously, illustrating each of the different sections. It was impossible to see everything in the short three hours or so we were allowed, and it was with regret that we were taken back to the bus.

We should like to thank Miss Wallace very much for taking us all, explaining different points and answering our inexhaustible questions.

ANN GORDON, VI A.

MISS MACDONALD'S RECITAL

On the 9th of April we once again had the pleasure of hearing a recital by Miss Macdonald. Her programme was thoughtfully chosen and many composers were represented, covering a wide scope of musical composition.

The evening began with a group of Bach and Scarlatti, the Bach "Allemande and Gigue" from the 5th French Suite being the best-known. A complete change of atmosphere was created in the Ravel "Jeux d'eau," this beautiful work getting the audience well into the mood for the Debussy music which followed . . . "Bruyeres," the well-known "Little Shepherd" being examples of his dreamy, ethereal writing, and "Minstrels" of his humorous compositions.

After a short intermission Miss Macdonald played a group of Chopin works — always popular on any programme. This group was well varied, the "Nocturne" in B major being followed by the Etudes Opus IO No. 7 and by two well-known waltzes. This continent was represented by the last group of pieces . . . McDowell's "Praeludium"; Violet Archer's gay little Jig from the Habitant Sketches, and the Dohnanyi arrangement of the popular Waltzes from the Ballet "Naila."

We fully realize how fortunate we are to have such an accomplished pianist in our midst, and wish to thank Miss Macdonald whole-heartedly for giving up so much of her spare time to prepare herself for our evening of sheer enjoyment.

"NOAH"

On Friday, March 22, we were very fortunate in being able to attend the performance of "Noah," put on by Bishop's University. The play held everyone's attention from the first curtain to the last, and the end came all too soon.

The actors were excellent, from Noah himself to all the animals, while the set, the costumes, the make-up and the small details which add so much reality to a play were particularly good. The lighting effects were clever, too. Clouds, thunder and rain were climaxed by a rainbow which created a dramatic ending. "Noah" is an unusual play, and one which made a deep impression upon the audience.

BECKY ROMANO, Matric.

THE RED CROSS REPORT

The Comptonites of the year '61 have shown a remarkable amount of interest in the Junior Red Cross. I feel that Red Cross has really meant something to each girl this year and that it was not just an ordinary everyday word. On the 12th of November, I attended a High School J.R.C. conference in Montreal. During this conference, I myself gained a deeper understanding and appreciation of the Junior Red Cross and its work. Delegates from each High School in the Province of Quebec were present. Each representative was asked to explain how Red Cross was organized in his or her school. When I returned from Montreal I gave a report to the school, in which I tried to impress upon each girl's mind the importance of helping the Junior Red Cross. Many decided to do so.

During the Christmas holidays about eighteen girls did volunteer work at the Red Cross Centre in Montreal, helping to fill Christmas stockings, which were sent to needy children in far-away countries. Miss Howe, the director of Junior Red Cross in Montreal, remarked on the enthusiasm which these girls showed when helping with the stockings.

During the school year, many projects were planned in order to make money for the Red Cross. The first was to take up a small collection during the Matric. Entertainment. This amounted to \$18.00. On the weekend of Thanksgiving a raffle was organized. The first prize was a lovely picture, which had been painted by one of the girls — Harriet Dupont. Our second prize was another artistic creation, a stuffed animal created by Jane MacDougald. For our third prize, we made some of our special fudge, which was guaranteed to be delicious. We made \$66.60, most of the thanks going to the parents. Later on

in the term we sold hot dogs and were able to put \$42.75 more into our Red Cross bank. Early in the Winter term Mrs. Sturgeon, Pinkle's mother, kindly sent us two dolls, beautifully clothed. One doll was bigger than the other; therefore, we raffled that one as first prize, the smaller one as second prize, and a chocolate cake as third prize. We raised \$42.16 on this raffle to add to our funds. One of our most enthusiastic classes, the V A's, decided to get together to publish a King's Hall newspaper. Three of the most prominent members were Nancy MacDonald, Andrea Jellicoe, and Kathleen Plow. These three girls managed to raise \$11.15 on their paper by selling each copy for five cents. The V A's are also earning money by working very hard cleaning shoes, sewing on buttons, and doing those mending jobs that everyone detests. The VI B's, by charging twenty-five cents admission when they put on their play, "Androcles and the Lion," earned \$23.25 for us.

With all these funds we were able to help two very needy families get through Christmas happily. Food was bought for both families and taken to them by two King's Hall girls. Over the Christmas holidays each girl bought one school supply to donate to the Red Cross. At the beginning of the winter term I collected all the supplies and sent them to Miss Howe. She then sent them on to Chile to help children who had suffered in the earthquake.

In the third term we received a \$50.00 donation from the V B and IV A classes. This donation was the result of genuine sacrifice on the part of the Juniors. Throughout the year each girl in V B gave a five cent contribution at the weekly Red Cross meeting. This contribution came from her own pocket money. Besides this, they cleaned shoes and held several raffles. The IV A's also worked hard organizing raffles. This donation from the Juniors was used to buy three sets of kindergarten tables and chairs for the Alexandria Hospital.

Our annual Red Cross evening was held on Sunday, April 16. The Staff and girls gathered in the lounge ready for Miss Gillard, who took the articles from each Form. Starting with the IV A's the Form representatives came up in order, and made their offerings to Miss Gillard, who held up each article for all to see and made appropriate comments of appreciation. Later everything was put on display in the front hall and library. Most of the donations were children's clothing, with some men's socks, some dolls' mittens, and some stuffed animals. Each knitted piece was neat and correctly done and each piece of sewing was crisp and fresh.

The girls had worked hard and conscientiously at their articles, and we felt that this was the largest donation and one of the best and most varied.

Before closing, I should like to give my sincere thanks to Mlle. Gautier, who helped us very much with our work, and also to the Form Mistresses, who tirelessly helped and encouraged their Forms. I should also like to thank the Red Cross Committee — Betty Jane Punnett, Diana Bignell, Esther Franklin, and especially the Assistant Head, Rosita Caridi. My appreciation goes, also, to the other Household Science girls for their splendid help.

Financial Statement	
Money Raised:	
Funds on hand, Sept. 1960.....	\$24.68
Raffle at Thanksgiving.....	66.60
Hot Dog Sale.....	42.75
Matric. Entertainment.....	18.00
Raffle of Gifts.....	42.16
Ice Cream Sale.....	9.15
Money raised by V A.....	11.15
Money raised by V B and IV A..	50.00
VI B Play.....	24.25
Total.....	\$288.74
Expenditures and Disbursements:	
Enrolment.....	\$16.00
Families at Christmas.....	27.00
Kindergarten Tables and Chairs	
Alexandria Hospital.....	48.00
Sent to Miss Howe.....	8.00
Total Expenditures.....	\$ 99.00
Funds on Hand, April 1961 — \$189.74	
Respectfully submitted,	
ESME VAUGHAN, Matric. H.Sc.	

CURRENT EVENTS

Under the guidance of Miss Lloyd, VI B has met every Monday night this year to discuss world happenings of this previous week. Since we have only thirty minutes in which to hold this meeting, we have divided the programme up so that we have four minutes each to discuss important events in Asia, Africa, Europe, South America, Canada and the United States, Sports and also Fashions.

At the end of the first term, Miss Lloyd held a contest for us. She showed us about twenty pictures which we had brought during the term, and we put down everything that we knew about them. The winner, Janet Burgoyne, received two pieces of candy as a prize. Everyone else got one piece for effort!

Three cheers for Miss Lloyd who has very kindly sacrificed so much of her spare time on our behalf.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, VI B.

CURRENT EVENTS

C.B.C. News Magazine is a half-hour television programme on Saturdays, starting at five o'clock. The VI A and Matric. Forms troop down after rest hour in the winter term to draw up chairs and watch the set intently. In the milder terms, the two classes must unfortunately give up one half of their rest period because of the time change. A wide variety of news subjects is dealt with in this half hour. Usually one subject is explained fully. The range of these subjects varies from international scenes to sports highlights. The C.B.C. has representatives and correspondents in all parts of the globe to bring us in contact with the news items of the week. The exposition of the main subject is followed by short headline news. When the programme is over, questions and queries are satisfied by Miss Morris who is kind enough to supervise these weekly gatherings. The programme gives the girls an opportunity to come up-to-date with all happenings in the outside world which otherwise go unnoticed while the girls are busy at school.

JILL STOCKER, VI A.

THE HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Every Form from IV A to VI B inclusive has a one hour Household Science class each week. In the younger Forms the chief emphasis is on sewing. A little cooking is introduced in V A. The Junior Forms this year made a variety of small articles while V A concentrated on skirts and VI B produced skirts, dresses, pyjamas and almost anything they wished. These classes have taught the girls to do nice neat work and to be particularly careful about the finish. Everything made before Easter was donated to the Red Cross.

An advanced three year course beginning in VI B is offered to those who wish to specialize in Household Science. This year eight girls are taking this special course. These girls work in the Household Science Laboratory for an hour or two each day. Most of the work done is plain sewing and cooking. Some dresses and blazers are being made, while a few girls are learning embroidery. One day in April we cooked and served a full course dinner, which we ourselves enjoyed very much. We hope to be able to entertain Miss Gillard before the end of the term. In all, we have enjoyed our work with Mademoiselle Gauthier very much indeed, and we wish to thank her very much for her encouragement and everything she did to make our classes lively and agreeable as well as instructive.

CAROL SONNE, Matric.

THE ART REPORT

Above and away from the hustle and bustle, in the sunny "Chez Artiste" one can usually find enthusiastic students painting, sketching, or just browsing through the collection of various art books which has expanded yearly.

For the first time at K.H.C. there has been a special class in Art Appreciation. Miss Wait has introduced this class to the fortunate VI B's and this has created a wider interest in art as a subject.

The VI B's deserve to be congratulated on their Hallowe'en decorations in the dining-room, which were haunting and effective, bringing forth smothered shrieks and little gasps, as each girl entered the "Feudal Castle."

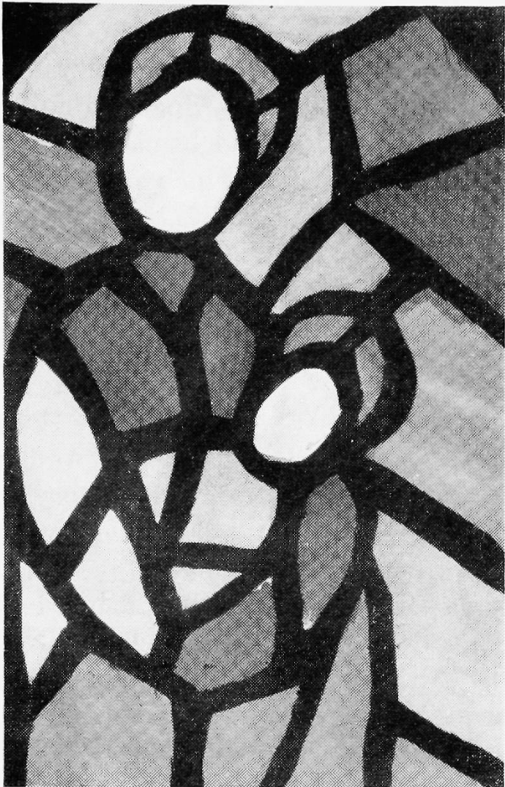
The decorations for the "Formal" dance, done by the VI A's under the supervision of Miss Wait, were equally successful. The theme was "The Jungle." Brightly coloured birds designed with crêpe paper, a large painted elephant, a life-sized tiger, several monkeys, all with a background of foliage, covered the walls very effectively. We wish to thank those responsible for creating these decorations.

Special Art is very important and very popular. About twenty girls take this course, which consists of a one-hour class every week in addition to the regular lessons with their Forms. In this they do more advanced work than in the regular classes, for example, sketching models in a variety of poses. Four members of this group are taking art as a Matric. subject. These girls have several additional classes a week, in which they concentrate on water-colour and poster paint.

All who have taken Art, either in the regular, the special, or the Matriculation group have enjoyed their work. We wish to thank Miss Wait for all her helpful suggestions and stimulating teaching, and we wish good luck to all Art Matriculation students both present and future.

NANCY NICHOL, Matric.





Design for stained glass window.....MARGO GRANT, V B.
Landscape..... B. TAYLOR, Special Art.
Underwater..... V. DRUCE, IV A.
Mosaic..... A. STIKEMAN and T. LESLIE, V A
“Christmas Card”..... M. CAPE, VI B

CHOIR REPORT

The choir at Compton has always been a source of enjoyment for both those who hear and those who are fortunate enough to be a part of the music-loving group. It leads the school in all the singing and frequently renders special anthems for the benefit of the congregation.

Our choir consists of twenty-five members mainly from Matric., VI A, and VI B. The Matrics. have made a very great contribution in spite of the work which is so heavy in this their final year.

The choir's extra activities have not been many, but any performance outside of the weekly church singing was done with extreme enthusiasm and animation. One of the occasions which we all look forward to each year is the caroling around the school on an early morning just before Christmas. Another thing that the choir delights in is the trip to sing at some church near Compton. This year they were invited to St. George's Anglican Church at Lennoxville, and after a very pleasant service, were guests at a most delicious luncheon given by the ladies of the church. On May 14, the Choir joined the B.C.S. choir at Evensong in the B.C.S. chapel. Besides taking part in all the hymns, the Compton choir sang in Latin the anthem "Ave Verum."

The choir of King's Hall has indeed had a very successful year. For this we must thank our director, Miss Macdonald, without whom it surely would have been a failure. She, with her extensive knowledge and love of music, has given us the spirit and desire to sing as everyone should — not merely from the lips but from the heart.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, VI A.

THE LIBRARY REPORT

There was so much enthusiasm for the Library that many girls who wanted to be on the committee were not able to join as the committee would have been too large to be efficient. After Christmas, however, we tried the experiment of having more girls on the committee. Now each shelf has three people to check it instead of two. The Library is also open for a short time every evening after Prep.

Before Christmas the Head of the Library Committee was Elizabeth Taylor but as the Matric. members always do, she retired in January and now the committee is composed entirely of VI A's and VI B's.

About fifteen new books were received this year besides a number of books that people very kindly gave after they had read them themselves.

The bottom shelves, behind the wooden doors,

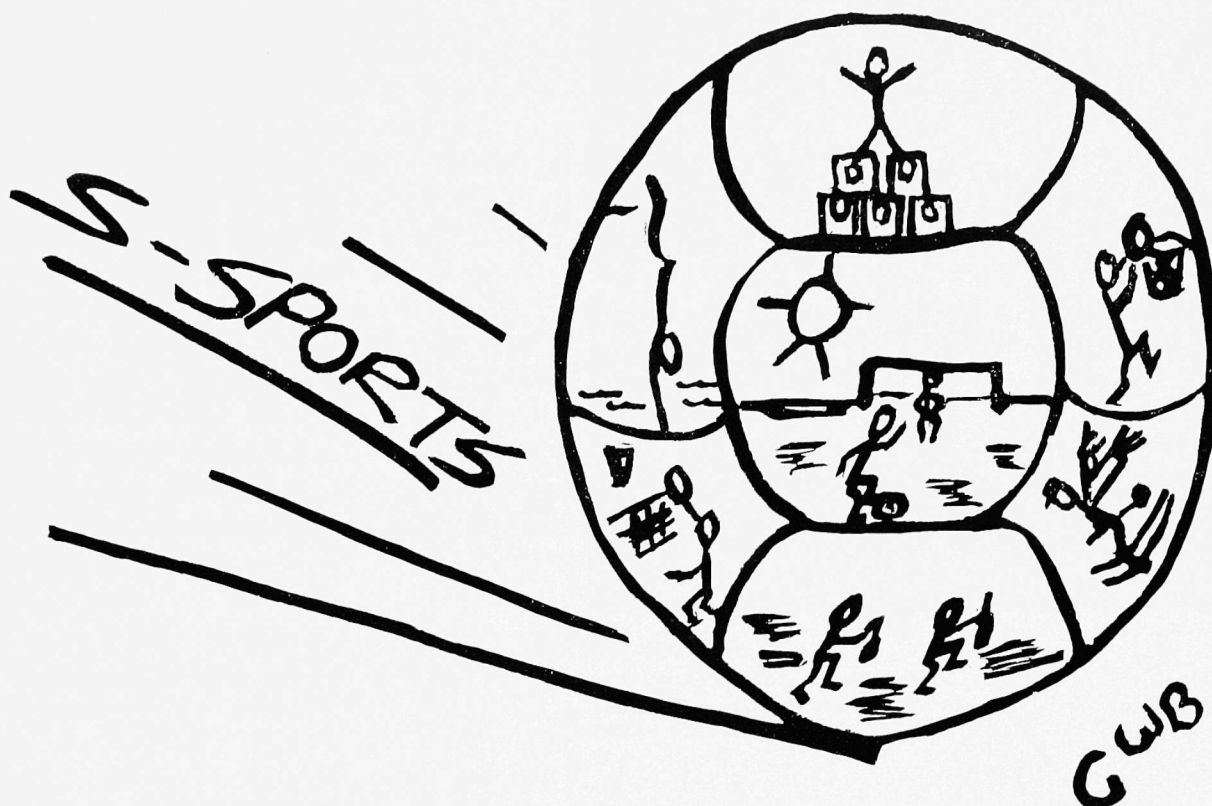
have always been a problem because odds and ends of books, and books taken from the Library for mending are stored away there. Special thanks go to Harriet Dupont and Joan Wightman for sorting and arranging those shelves, which now form an integral part of the circulating Library. Joanne Hamilton and Jill Stocker supervised all the book-mending and did a great deal of it themselves. Thank you.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE

VI A: Joyce Leslie (Head), Jill Stocker (Assistant Head), Harriet Dupont, Joanne Hamilton, Ann Harrison, Hope Haslam, Alexandra Miller, Martha White, Joan Wightman.

VI B: Diana Bignell, Frances Budden, Martha Cassils, Elizabeth Cook, Linda Cowans, Nicola Druce, Anne Evans, Esther Franklin, Shireen Finch, Pamela Fletcher, Dorothy Hornig, Anne MacDonald, Caroline Massey, Susan White, Lalage Wright.





SPORTS REPORT

Next to the work in a school, the most important thing is its sports. It would be difficult to imagine King's Hall without its soccer, basketball, swimming, badminton, or any of the other sports in which you all took such an enthusiastic part. We both feel that this year has been one of hard work and excellent spirit and sportsmanship, and has also been a great deal of fun for all of us.

Swimming was much more enjoyable this year, not only because there was considerably more of it, but also because of the diving and swimming lessons given by Miss Menzies. The House spirit was high throughout House games, the result of which brought the crown of victory long held by MacDonald to the new kingdom of Montcalm. The same degree of enthusiasm was apparent throughout House soccer and volleyball games.

Skiing conditions this year were excellent and the many afternoons spent at Mont Joie (Hillcrest) were enjoyed tremendously. The new skating rink beside the pond was in constant use throughout the winter term, and the music so kindly provided by Mrs. Aitken made it all the more enjoyable. Certain ardent hockey fans have even succeeded in organizing a "wee" hockey team, which accounts for the many brooms, branches, sticks and various implements wielded each afternoon about the rink.

We should like to extend our appreciation and thanks to Miss Keyzer and to Miss Menzies, our

new gym teacher, for their enthusiastic help and encouragement. Now, in closing, we remind you that — "If you lose with a smile, you're still a winner!"

HEATHER AND JANE.

Badminton

The Junior and Senior draw sheets were posted at the beginning of the Easter Term, and the tournaments began at once with great enthusiasm. The competition and House spirit shown by all the participants were very high. Joan McMaster of MacDonald captured the Junior singles title and shared the honours with Rideauite Julie Clarke for the Junior doubles championship. The Senior singles crown was taken by Ginna Nichols for Rideau and the doubles championship by Rideauite Gill Rowan-Legg and Montcalmite Heather Grant. This year badminton birds were furnished by the school and this helped a great deal with the progress of the tournament.

Tennis

With snow flurries and cold weather during April and the first week of May, the tennis season has, unfortunately, just begun. However, we do expect great things this year under the excellent instruction of Miss Menzies, and we should like to thank her for giving up so many of her afternoons for these lessons. The tournament will now be more of a test of skill than it has been in previous years.



Soccer

The soccer season was better than it has been for quite a while on account of ideal weather. During the first term we managed to play five games — three with B.C.S. in which both our first and second teams participated and two with Bishop's University, one at K.H.C. and the other at the University.

Each afternoon during practices cries of "For Heaven's sake girls . . . MOVE!!!" and "Accelerate!" could be heard throughout the school grounds. These came, of course, from our two coaches, Miss Keyzer and Miss Menzies respectively, whom we wish to thank for training us. We should also like to express our sincere thanks to our Rector, Mr. Roberts, for helping to coach and referee the team.

SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: C. SONNE, J. BURGOYNE, J. MACDOUGALD, G. BELL, H. GRANT, J. OUGHTRED, E. VAUGHAN
 Middle Row: J. CASTONGUAY, M. PACAUD, P. BUTTERFIELD, G. ROWAN-LEGG, G. NICHOLS, A. PATON, C. LUMIERE,
 Front Row: M. MOLSON, N. DRUCE, J. BAGGS, D. GORDON, B. BERNIER, J. GILES, J. HAMILTON



Basketball

Basketball began in November of this school year and continued until the end of the second term. Each Form was drilled in the rudiments of the game and then girls were chosen for the school team. Unfortunately, as time was not in our favour this year, we managed to play only one game with Bishop's University. However we all enjoyed the game and hope that there will be more of them next year.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: J. BAGGS, J. BURGOYNE, P. BUTTERFIELD, M. MOLSON, M. CAPE, G. NICHOLS, C. LUMIERE, J. HAMILTON
 Front Row: L. WRIGHT, M. PACAUD, G. ROWAN-LEGG, H. GRANT (Captain), J. MACDOUGALD (Captain), D. GORDON, J. OUGHTRED



THE MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

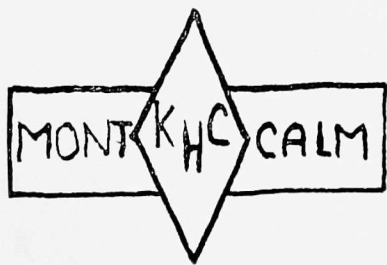
Dear MacDonalldites,

We had thought of addressing you as our "night-hawks," but your energy was pleasingly apparent in the daytime too. Perhaps we could say you were "24-hour-energetic." We know little of what went on during school hours, but we presume you were not tarnishing our golden rule. When **we** were in charge, though, you were naughty but wonderful!

How could we forget the scavenger hunt? Who was it that stole the leg of lamb from the kitchen? There was the three-legged race up to Windy — are three legs simple and successful? Do you remember how at the Christmas House party the cake was relished with "mucho gusto"? Didn't we shock the world with our volleyball? If we'd known you were so good we'd have played more often! — And those wonderful Sundays when we came first!

To the MacDonalldites of next year, best luck in work and sports. Prefects — it will be a struggle — but fun! They can perform the most amazing feats, so be ready for anything! We learned the lesson well — "Be prepared!"

PEG and DI.



THE MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Dear Montcalmites,

Ever since you've been here you've always been a member of a House. Why?

The first and most important purpose of Houses is to teach you to work together. You all know how to co-operate with your own age group, but working with people from all Forms is quite different.

We have worked together all year in everything, in sports — the hectic House games, the scavenger hunt, when one of you almost got lost in the ravine searching for a ketchup bottle, our wonderful co-ordination in hitting the volleyball — under the net — and our soccer games in the fall.

In work, there were your weekly battles to end up with a plus total, and out terrific excitement when we did well!

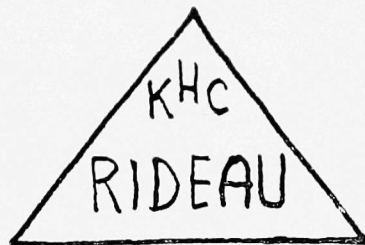
Because of this we have felt that you've always been behind us in doing your best for the House. This is loyalty.

If a House has this quality, then it is a **real** House, and Montcalm has been outstanding.

We wish all of you the best of luck next year and always.

With love,

JUDY and MARY.



THE RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

This year, though most of the Rideau pins have found their way over to B.C.S., there is no doubt that the Rideau House spirit has remained keen at K.H.C.

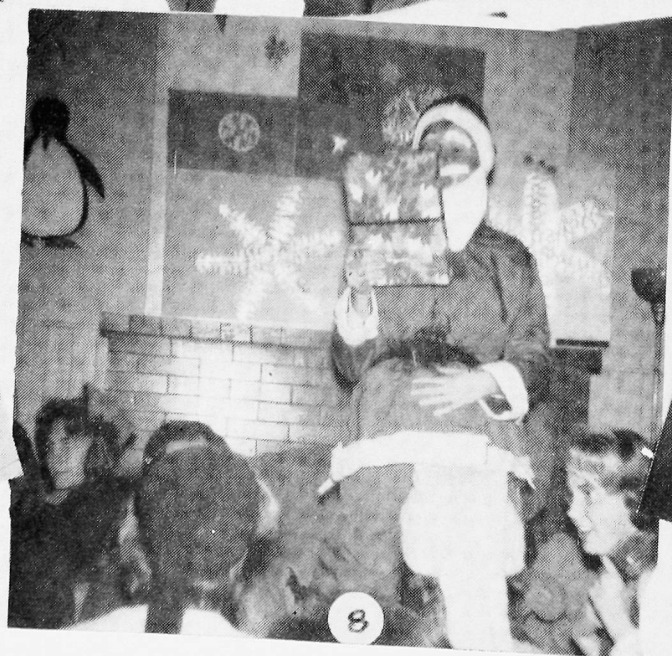
Our weekly House meetings have often proved hilarious, and our efforts to be your dignified Heads have always crumbled the moment we walked into the VI B (2) classroom. Little embarrassing things such as falling flat on our faces or forgetting to put arms on the Rideau mascot have sent us into gales of laughter.

Then there are sports — House games, volleyball, badminton, tennis, and so on, in which, according to the charts, Rideau has not exactly excelled. However, we tend to disagree with those charts and maybe in the few weeks that remain Rideau will surprise everyone. Maybe!!!

Whether at House meetings or House games your loyalty, determination to do your best, and your fighting spirit have made Rideau a House to be proud of. As the term fast approaches a close we feel the House accomplishments have earned you a rest. The very best of luck to the Rideau Prefects of '61-'62.

God bless you all!

BONNIE and GINNA.



For Picture Credits, see page 28.

LES GIRLS

NANCY NICHOL is one of those rare nautical types who has found a use for an anchor when there's not a boat to be seen for miles around.

In years to come, when we gaze on the map of Europe, we shall find it a definite loss not to be able to see BETTY TAYLOR's head bobbing atop the waves of the Mediterranean.

"Oh, excuse me, could you please direct me to the Modern Novel Section?" "Yes, Madam, JUDY WESTWATER's desk, middle row, front seat."

Hidden behind a stack of **Seventeen** Magazines, MARTHA MEAGHER can be seen frantically planning her summer wardrobe.

Who planted this palm tree at the back of the classroom? Well — for heavens' sake, JEN PUNNETT, claim it before it goes into confiscation.

If only GINNA NICHOLS could plan an all-inclusive cross Canada trip (Ridley to T.C.S.) so as to hit each school on the night of its annual inspection dance!!!

With her feet tapping to the tune of a Merenque and her hands clapping the castinets, BECKY ROMANO sits under the shade of an Italian straw hat and gazes longingly from behind her dark glasses at a poster of Venice "Au Clair de Lune."

While on the other side of the room sits KATHY KINGSTON, her legs crossed and one finger poised ever so gently under her chin, while she puzzles how to make her hen-scratch appear more like writing.

According to BONNIE BERNIER, and FREUD would agree, she feels sure, it is very hard for little girls like her to be cooped up with 144 other little girls for such a **long** time.

As well as her partiality for Bermuda, PEGGY BUTTERFIELD has shown a rather strong tendency towards the letter **K** in the past few years.

From the back of the class we can always rely on the firm and reassuring voice of JANE MACDOUGALD to come forth at an opportune moment with some startling statistics or new reflection on the public and private life of any world figure.

MARY MOLSON has spent the entire year trying to convince us that she is fat; so much so that now we're all convinced that she's one hundred percent correct — So there, Mary!

BARBIE CORDEAU does a triple flip into the classroom and lands in a sky high pile of papers — somewhere under there lies her desk.

Rivers meander, ducks waddle, old ladies putter, and most people just walk, but GAY BELL beats 'em all in the way she saunters into class 10 minutes late mumbling some frightfully valid excuse, winds her legs around her chair, and sits down.

Bounce, bounce, bounce — CRASH! "Hi, Everybody!" — LINDA FRASER has just arrived.

Surrounded by a pile of old exams, Latin prep, McGill syllabus, her latest sewing project, and her writing case, JUDY ARCHER appears to be doing them **all** at the same time.

"Just wait a minute, Kids, I just want to say —" but then her eyes begin to crinkle, she bursts into fits of laughter, and GILL ROWAN-LEGG forgets what she was going to say, anyway!

Running across the fields we see GILL MACLAREN; with one hand she clutches her tunic front, bulging with mail, while in the other she holds a letter which she is trying to read as she leaps over a fence.

The A.D.'s should pay FRANCIE BIELER for brain-washing us all into thinking that's the best fraternity!

It is spring-cleaning day for SHARON FROST's desk, and so she pulls out nail-polish, coffee cups, rollers, — not to mention the toast crumbs! We begin to wonder where Sharon keeps her books.

At the table ESME VAUGHAN's diet seems painfully strict — but where did all those goodies in the Household Science Lab go?

HEATHER GRANT's notorious laugh floats through the air like some infectious disease, and before we know it we're **all** rolling on the floor hysterical with laughter.

Next year CAROL SONNE has promised faithfully to operate a knitting organization by mail. So — if you drop a stitch or lose count of your rows, she'll still be available!

When DI GORDON's "straight" hair flops all over her face, we know she's been so busy cutting, curling, trimming, and shaping everyone else's that she's forgotten to leave time for her own!

How could JILL OUGHTRED account for the Asbestos dust on her coat when she returned from her fortnightly visits to **Montreal**?

Enough about Les Girls. Now we would like to speak about La Dame, because Miss Morris has "very definitely" helped to make our Matric. year such a success.

BROWN LEATHER SANDALS

"Funny — I've never seen that quilt before! It is really quite pretty though, with its coloured diamond shapes sewn neatly together — quite bright and cheerful. I shall sit up and have a better look at it, and besides I must get up. It's already nine-thirty and Mum will be in a frenzy. She always gets so excited when I don't get up early, and tells me that now I'm going to be a married woman I shall have to get up and make Mark's breakfast every morning. Going to be a married woman! Heavens! I'm getting married to-day! I almost forgot. I am not really frightened, though, because even if it is going to be a big wedding (Mum has two marquees in the gardens) it will be outside and I am not really afraid of thousands of people as long as I am in the open air. Anyway, Mark will keep his eye on me. Then off by jet to Italy for three weeks! I remember going to Rome, Venice, and Lake Garda when I was sixteen with Mum, the year before Daddy died. It was such fun, and Mum was so happy then. She has changed since he died; she is quieter now and leads a much less social life. My wedding is really, I think, the last big "do" she will have, because now all her three children will be married and happy. I must stop tracing the diamonds on this quilt. (I guess Mummy thought I was cold in the night, came up, and put it over me.) Then I **must** get up.

"Oh! This isn't my room! But it is adorable with the painted dressing-table and curved seat, the corner cupboard with a glass door, and the chest of drawers with my picture on it — taken when Mark was twelve. He is standing on a rock in midstream in bare feet holding an enormous trout by the tail. He was pretty proud of that fish! This certainly isn't my room, but what is my picture doing here? Even more peculiar, what am I doing here? Well, I won't think of that for the moment because I love pink bedrooms with gay wall-paper, slanting ceilings (I must be on the top floor) and dormer windows. I wonder what I can see out of them? There is the reddish tiled roofs of houses, one just below the other like so many steps, right down to the sea. The water is very blue, with small fishing boats on it and seagulls gliding above them waiting to be tossed some small fish. And look at the little dark-headed boy in a blue-and-white striped shirt sitting on the high wall swinging his legs and playing with a tiny brown puppy!

"What do you suppose I shall wear if I get dressed? There is a pretty blue and green cotton dress on the chair with some brown leather sandals beside it. I suppose I shall have to put those on —

there is nothing else. What fun! I never did like wearing stockings, anyway. Bare feet feel so free and lovely.

What a tiny hallway! Those must be the stairs at the end. I'll go and see. Should I call down? No. Somebody might hear. I must go down there and see what is below before I do anything rash. What lovely winding stairs, so narrow I can hardly fit my feet on them. They are something like the ones in the old houses of the New England fishing villages. That is an idea. Do you think I would be in a fishing village in some foreign country? Oh, here is the kitchen, and breakfast set out on the table! Orange juice, croissants, and apricot jam and café-au-lait. The kitchen, with its oil stove, its sink, its cupboard and round table is not very big, so as soon as I have finished my juice and coffee I'll take my croissants out for a walk with me, as no one seems to be in the house. Such a pretty door with narrow coloured strips of cloth hanging from the top to the bottom; I wonder if that's meant to keep out the flies.

I am now sitting on the quay with my sandals off, dangling my feet in the cool water and watching the dark little village children swimming off the dock, and the women kneeling on the brick steps scrubbing their washing on wooden washboards. Many are quite pretty young women with dark shining eyes which glance up every now and then to see if the children are still playing safely nearby. I watched this and thought of my walk down to the quay.

I had started off on a narrow hilly street, and had walked over the cobbles between the high, slanting walls of small houses. Most of them were very clean and tidy and they always had a small child sitting quietly on the door-steps watching all the passer-bys with the mild curiosity of the young. Many of these narrow white stuccoed buildings had window boxes of geraniums on the low sills, and all looked as if they were trying to pull back their first floors as far from the street as possible to let some monster pass, and in doing so the roofs almost touched one another over the road. A kindly old man had been hauling a fruit cart up the hill; I had looked longingly at the tangerines the size of grapefruit, the luscious blue grapes and the juicy apricots. He must have sensed my longing and my present state of poverty — for I hadn't a cent in my pocket — because he took a bunch of oranges tied together with green twine and decorated with orange leaves, and handed them to me with "Seniorina?" and a smile. At that point, when I was beginning to wonder what I would do next (for I

am to be married to-day!) this friendly gesture cheered me and I mustered enough courage to smile and add (with a hopeful tone because I even thought I might be back in Italy) "Grazie, Signore." He winked and again began the long haul up the hill, calling something in a musical voice. A minute or two later several women emerged from their dwellings, lire in hand, to buy the fresh fruit. I smiled to myself and walked on down the hill past the baker's, whence drifted a heavenly smell of baked bread; past the butcher's, where I nearly fell over a little black-and-white dog dragging along a bone about twice his size; and past the dairy, where an enormous cheese was just being cut for the first customer of the day.

Now that my thoughts have caught up with me, I believe I'll take a stroll up the other street and back to the house. I suppose someone there can tell me where I am.

This is another lovely street, only this time it curves all the way up the hill like a piece of ribbon candy. Each turn is blind, because each hairpins sharply around the pointed walls of a house. At one of these corners I have stopped and am looking in the windows of an antique shop. I glance up, to see a man dressed in a dark blue artist's smock, khaki trousers, and rope sandals. He is riding a small Vespa around one of the hairpin turns. Even though I can't make out his features very clearly, there is something very Canadian about his hair, his chin, and the way he straddles the motorcycle. He is certainly not an Italian! He is looking over at me; he suddenly smiles broadly and (incredibly) waves. I'd know that smile anywhere! Just then an enormous transport truck screeches out of a side street; its driver is oblivious of the tiny Vespa. I scream, "Mark — look out!" A sudden crash! Then all is black.

"Hey, Jo, here is a young lady; she must be about twenty-two. Have you any record of her?"

"Yes, there is a Mrs. Mark Barrett from Montreal. That might be her. Any papers? Wait! She's still alive —. She must be near frozen! Sure is a cold place to crash. Better take her down to Frobisher in the 'copter."

"Here's her purse, fulla confetti! Yes — that's her name all right. The only survivor of eighty-seven passengers!"

GAY BELL, Matric.



NANCY

The evening breeze played gently with the faded green curtains and felt soft and warm on her sun-browned face. She sat cross-legged on the window-seat gazing out to sea and turning the empty tobacco pouch over and over in her slender fingers. Bringing it up to her nose she took a deep whiff — m-m-m-m, it smelled dreamy — just like him when he smoked that pipe. He always looked so distinguished with the pipe! Ever since he had arrived on the island at the beginning of the week to study Daddy's science project, she had had the strangest feeling about him, and when she was in the same room as he, she had the most irrepressible urge to smile at whatever he was talking about — or even if he wasn't talking; it was silly, but she could not help it. Besides, he was so wise, and seemed to know everything there was to know.

Her daze was interrupted when she saw him and Father coming down the windy path from the lab. He took such long, easy strides, and Father must have been telling him a joke because he threw back his head and laughed, an earnest, hearty laugh — and even up there in the window it made her want to laugh too. She shoved the tobacco pouch under her sweaters in the top drawer, ran a comb through her hair, and went out into the hall, but the sound of his voice saying something to Mother as he started up the stairs made her turn and dash back into her room. Why had she done that? Why, she wondered, did the sound of his voice make her want to run away? She wasn't afraid, for there was nothing about him to be afraid of, really; he couldn't be kinder.

After dinner she was sent down to the boat shed to check up on all the boats. There had been a storm warning over the radio and Father wanted all the boats tied securely. Her sharp eyes noticed a jacket in a heap in the corner of the shed; it was **his** jacket — he must have forgotten it. Slowly she went over to it, picked it up, and gingerly put it on. It was gorgeously too big. The sleeves hung limply below her finger-tips and the bottom of it reached far below her knees. M-m-m-m — there was that tobacco smell again! She took a few big strides and then suddenly ripped off the jacket. What if someone had seen her? What if **he** had seen her? Embarrassed, she glanced around the rapidly-darkening boat shed just to make sure that no one had seen; then she turned and ran bare-foot up the dew-covered path to the house.

A booming crash of thunder brought her sitting bolt upright in bed. The wind was howling in the

trees outside and the rain pounded persistently on the roof above. Jumping out of bed she wrapped her dressing-gown around her lanky body and tiptoed out into the black hall. Quietly she felt her way downstairs to the dining-room. That was where she always went when there was a storm, because you could see the whole cove churning and lashing in a mad fury, and the open sea beyond, and the sky dark and foreboding. Oh, how she **loved** storms!

Suddenly out of the darkness behind her came a voice; her heart leaped into her mouth. Startled, she pivoted around. At the same time a flash of lightning lit up the whole room. It was him! She could see that he was smiling.

"I see you're a storm-lover too," he said.

"Yes." She fidgeted nervously with her dressing-gown cord. "I come here every storm."

They must have stood in the window for a good long time — not speaking, but content to watch the wild disorder outside. Eventually it subsided, the trees changed from their frantic gesticulating to graceful waving, the clouds floated peacefully by in the grey expanse, and the sea, although still choppy, had ceased its violence.

At the top of the stairs he turned and said good night.

"Good night," she murmured, as she pattered across the hall and silently shut her door. Then with a deep contented sigh she flung herself on the bed and fell asleep.

Next morning as she pulled on the faded blue jeans she whistled happily to herself. Going over to the window she pulled back the curtains — suddenly she stopped whistling and her hands fell away from the obstinate zipper. That was the mainland boat coming across the water and entering the cove. Up until now she had forgotten — but the boat was coming for him; of course, he had been here a full week and to-day he was leaving — leaving for good. How dreadful! How utterly awful! How could those little sparrows out there on the wet willow branch be singing so merrily when something as tragic as this was happening?

His luggage was heaved aboard the boat, he shook hands and said his word of thanks to Mummy and Daddy, and coming up to her with that infectious smile, he laid his two big hands on her shoulders.

"Good-bye, Nancy. Perhaps we should get together again for another storm."

She tried to smile; goodness knows, she tried, but it just wouldn't come. And then he was off; the boat was pulling away from the dock and he

was waving. Suddenly she could not bear it any longer. Besides, her eyes were getting blurry, and Mum and Dad mustn't see that. She turned and ran up the hill and didn't stop running until she got upstairs to her room and slammed the door behind her. She sat on the window seat and watched the boat as it crossed the blue cove, her eyes even more blurred than before.

"Just a childish sort of crush," she heard Mother say in a half-laughing manner to Dad as they came up the path to the house.

"Yes, she'll soon get over it."

And with that she put her head down and let the tears come trickling over her freckled face and land with a splash on the old tobacco pouch — his tobacco pouch, which she held in her hands. She could still feel the pressure of his big warm hands on her shoulders and it made her all tingly inside as she looked up just in time to see the boat, only a speck now, disappearing behind the black outline of the distant islands.

GILLIAN MACLAREN, *Matric.*

PICTURE CREDITS

MATRIC PICTURE

1. Biology Expedition (plus lunch)....	H. GRANT
2. "What's the matter, Ma?".....	J. BURGOYNE, VI B
3. "Lemon pie! Happy Birthday Es!"..	G. NICHOLS
4. House Walk.....	S. MARPOLE, VI B
5. The Christmas Spirit 1960.....	G. NICHOLS
6. Biology Expedition (winter and more food).....	P. BUTTERFIELD
7. Starved Again!".....	J. BURGOYNE, VI B
8. "Gay bells ringing".....	P. BALLOCH, VI B
9. Matric. Entertainment.....	J. BURGOYNE, VI B

V A PICTURE

1. V A's up in the air as usual.....	B. MONK
2. "Now I'll tell one!".....	C. McLATCHY
3. "Do as I say — Not as I do.".....	D. GILL
4. V A Red Cross Meeting in Library.....	E. STIKEMAN
5. "And so to bed.".....	C. McLATCHY
6. Shining shoes for the Red Cross.....	E. STIKEMAN

JUNIORS

1. Part of Junior Cottage.....	E. STIKEMAN, V A
2. "Mad" and the Juniors.....	J. STAINFORTH
3. Hallowe'en.....	C. McDERMID, V A
4. Snow Sculpture — in use.....	M. STRATFORD
5. It may not be the Alps — but —...	M. STRATFORD
6. Snow Sculpture — deserted.....	M. STRATFORD

THE SEA

Someone once said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," but it was not until two years ago that I found this to be true. This platitude was probably made in reference to a person, but in my case it applies to the sea. I have lived all my life by the ocean, that is, with the exception of the past two years, and it was not until I left the coast that I realized how attached I had grown to the various characteristics that only a seaport possesses.

How I loved to ride along the shore road in the Park each afternoon after school, and upon reaching the crest of the cliff, to sit and look out over the vast blue waters and breathe in the cool, fresh sea air as the waves below me rolled and crashed upon the flat grey rocks. On a sunny day, I used to watch an oil steamer or a freighter plow through the sparkling, white-capped waves until it had passed the red and white lighthouse and was but a speck on the horizon. Sometimes I used to ride to that spot in the evening when everything was peacefully quiet and the setting sun cast its red afterglow over the darkening mirror of water. There were no waves or white caps then, only a steady swell which rose and sank in perfect rhythm. Occasionally the stillness was broken by a seagull's cry, the distant tolling of the warning bell, or the steady far-off "put-put-put" of a fisherman's boat coming home with the day's catch. I always had to smile when I heard the boats "talking" to each other in the harbour. A large ship would give two long low blasts, to be answered a few seconds later by two short high-pitched toots from its tug.

The most thrilling summer sport of all, to my mind, is sailing. Only while sailing, with the vast open ocean ahead, are you possessed completely with the wonderful feelings of freedom and joy. It gives me the greatest pleasure to look back on the many, many hours of sheer enjoyment I have had during those summers when sailing was almost an obsession with me. I liked a sunny day with a good stiff wind best of all. On this type of day it takes all the strength you have to keep the boat from capsizing as it heels under the steady strain of the wind. I love the feeling of the spray in my face, the taste of the salt on my lips, the heat of the sun on my back, the warm wind on my face, and the sensation and thrill of challenge and danger. Though a windy day appeals to me, so does a calm one with just a slight breeze. A feeling of complete relaxation spreads over me as I lie on the deck with the burning sun on my back, and let my hand run through the cool water below as the boat drifts aimlessly on.

I have often driven through the many little fishing villages which border the ocean, and their quaint and picturesque appearance never fails to thrill me. The brightly-coloured little houses, the long grey wharves laden with fishing nets and lobster traps, the barren rocks and cliffs, the spray from the waves, the pungent smell of fish and seaweed and the cries of seagulls circling over the water all help to create an atmosphere which is completely beautiful and unique. I have seen the burly, tanned fishermen leave at dawn in their trawlers to which were attached strings of dories, and I have seen them return in the evening, the fish-laden boats appearing black against the red and orange flush of the setting sun.

The sea also gives a city an atmosphere of its own. The people one sees along the streets are different. Some are fishermen, some immigrants who have just arrived on a foreign liner, and of course there are the many sailors and officers in their navy and white uniforms. The busy sound of the ships honking in the harbour, the smell of fish when an east wind is blowing, the grey blanket of fog, and the deep drone of the fog horn are all characteristics which no other city except a seaport can have. These distinctions may seem insignificant and perhaps unimportant to many people, but to me they mean a great deal, and it was not until I left the coast that I realized how my absence from them "made my heart grow fonder."

HEATHER GRANT, Matric.



TO GAETA WITH LOVE

Gaeta is a picturesque town which rises from the Mediterranean. Its pink stucco villas surrounded by olive trees and grape vines, its imposing palace of the Trivolis and its white fishermen's hovels make Gaeta the most beautiful city on the Italian Riviera. The fishermen's huts are like tiny blocks all the same size, colour and shape. Because Gaeta is on a hill, each house is slightly above the next; thus from the shore the huts look like little pigeon holes. The small, narrow, twisting streets which run down to the sea are made of uneven stones, worn down with time. In front of each house is an old fishing net, a three-legged stool and a dog. In such a house lived little Tonio, his parents, his seven brothers, and his dog Nunio. The Burelli were fishermen by

trade and one day little Tonio would go out to sea also. Tonio was a lively eight-year-old with curly black hair and enormous black eyes. He slept with his brothers in the attic on a straw mattress not far from the window which looked out on the blue-green bay. When his brothers had gone fishing, Tonio jumped out of bed, out the window, on to a ledge and slid down the rain pipe. At his master's familiar whistle, Nunio would run with him down to the water. Tonio spent the day in the water, until the men came back from fishing, anyway. When he saw the boats coming in he ran home, past the cathedral, past the grocer's and baker's, and across the tenement alley. Gaeta by now was wide awake, children were crying, women were screaming, a window was flung open above him and he jumped out of the way of a pail of water.

"Luigi, can I clean the fish to-day? I promise to wash my hands after, this time . . . please, Luigi?"

Sitting on the door-step, Tonio felt like a man. He was cleaning the fish like an expert.

"Buon giorno, Tonio. May I help you clean your fish?"

"Go away, Maria — go play with your **little** friends. I am busy cleaning the fish I caught — don't bother me! All you women are alike!"

"Oh! You think you are so large — you big man — ha! I hate you!"

A smile flitted across Tonio's face. He liked Maria even though she was a woman. All of a sudden his fish jumped out of his hand and flopped down the street.

"Help me! Catch my fish! Help please!"

The light shining through the window hit the chandelier casting a rainbow over the beige and gold room.

"Wake up, Marquise! How dare you sleep so late! Your uncle wants to see you. You have to receive the people of your town and you dare to sleep so late!"

The small Marquise of Trivoli dragged himself out of bed. With his head bent and his small hands behind his back he slowly walked to the window. Below him was Gaeta. To the right were the pigeon holes, but to the left the palace and his duties. With heavy heart the young Marquise walked out the door. The guards clicked to attention. The door shut behind him as he softly left the room.

BECKY ROMANO, Matric.

ADMIRER MEETS HERO

I've met the future athlete of the world! Yes, I've actually spoken to him and I can hardly believe it! I'll tell you how it happened.

You see, after we had arrived in Kentville, Mum suggested that we go to take a look at the track and the long-jump pit so that I could get an idea of what the pit was like, measuring the distance for my take-off, and also get a little practice that evening on the cinder track before the meet the next day. Peter, my neighbour, was there; he hadn't driven with us but with some friends from St. Stephen, because I think there were too many girls in the car for him. I felt very embarrassed to have that impertinent boy, whom I had known ever since I can remember, standing there watching me jump, but for once he was not rude.

"Hey, listen, Miss Athlete, what time are you going to be here to-morrow?"

"I don't know. What time do you think?" I'm sure Peter must have thought I was a fool, because I had no idea what time the meet started.

"Well, Frank and I are coming about nine. I think the show begins about ten."

"Who's Frank?"

"Frank McHugh, the one that drove me up from St. Stephen. Wait 'till you see him pole-vault! He's got it in the bag!"

Peter jerked his head towards the car as he said this, and I naturally looked around. I couldn't see his face, but only the top of his short cropped red hair. He was sitting on the bumper of the car emptying the sand out of his socks and slapping the sawdust off his legs. All I can remember was that he looked up for a minute and walked over to us quite nonchalantly. I don't even think I was introduced properly. I felt so clumsy and nervous and it was especially obvious because he was so calm and hardly even looked at me. I blushed from head to toe, and somehow said words to the effect that I thought I'd better get back, as Mum was probably waiting for me, and I know as I jogged away I looked like a hippopotamus!

That was the beginning. I'd never made such a mess of things in all my life. The only thing I had was open eyes, and I remember how impressed I was, and am, with his *savoir-faire*. He is tall and very athletic, to say the least. He has blue eyes too, but I'm sure I didn't notice them then.

I noticed his blue eyes at the Track and Field meet yesterday. I'd run off my hundred yard dash, and done my high jump. I placed in both events, but the event I'd most hoped for was the long-jump. I think I've just experienced the biggest

disappointment of my life. Out of the three jumps I was allowed, I took off the wrong foot for one, was over the board for the next, and was about two feet behind the board for the last. My best jump must have been about fourteen feet. When the event was over, I squatted down on the grass away from the crowd. The bits of hard brown earth and blades of grass seemed very close to my eyes, flooded with tears. I blinked and the salty drops dribbled down my cheeks and chin. Then feet seemed to surround me on all sides, but I had no wish to talk to Mum or anyone; in fact I was almost rude and told them to go away. I could have died. I bit my lips and clenched my teeth together, moaning what a bad sport and weak fool I was. I couldn't let all those strange people see me in tears. I sat on the grass for a while, plucking and chewing the blades, and crumbling bits of dirt between my fingers. From where I was sitting I could see the pole-vaulting pit, and boys practising. As people were wandering to all events, I decided to wander casually over to the pole-vaulting pit and watch for awhile. My heart leaped at the thought of seeing Frank.

He was there, and so were the judges! The competition was wonderful. Peter really meant what he had said about Frank. He's fantastic! I felt the blood actually rushing to my head every time he took his turn. My hands were so cold and clammy that you would have thought it was I going over that seventeen-foot bar; and, when he fell with a thud on the mound of sawdust, I almost felt my heart jar within me. I could have watched him all afternoon. He saw me there and when he smiled at me he seemed to say, "So easy! Wish we could get the preliminaries over with." I don't think he realized how good he was, and how lucky he was to excel in the way he did. I must have been the only person he knew in the crowd, because he came straight over to where I was sitting, cross-legged and open-mouth on the ground.

"That was great! How high was it?" I couldn't think of what to say.

"Nothing spectacular. How did you make out in your broadjump? Saw you practising last night?"

"Oh, I really messed things up. . ."

"Don't worry, we can't all be winners. Sure you'll do better next time. By the way, do you know when the presentation is? Mustn't miss that, you know."

As he said this he gazed into the blue with a confident grin.

" . . . oh, well, no . . . I don't know."

Honestly, I just gazed into his face dumbfounded.

He was so good at pole-vaulting! By this time I'd forgotten all my mishaps, and it was then that his dark blue eyes penetrated so deeply that my every thought seemed to be laid bare before him. I was at a loss for words and I couldn't stand up. I was stuck there looking stupid.

An exit! I wanted to get away so badly because I was making such a fool of myself.

"See you later! My next event coming up soon," was all he said. He sprinted off across the field and left me struck dumb. I felt sadly deflated as he disappeared into the crowd. I know I'll never see him again.

PEGGY BUTTERFIELD, Matric.

THE PEBBLE IN THE LAKE

The time had come for her to leave
This lovely place of peace;
The tall grey cliff and quiet tree,
And lake without a crease.

The ball of fire in the west;
Its golden rays did change
(Like Midas' touch where **it** did rest,
The valley and the range.

The tall unwavering evergreen,
The grass so green and lush,
All were changed to gold. It seemed
Too marvellous to touch.

And all the birds assembled there
Were as silent as the night,
Awed by the stillness of the air,
And the splendour of that sight.

High above, in clouds that gleamed,
The graceful heron flew;
And though once blue, his wings then seemed
Of red and orange hue.

And now the sun was sinking fast,
But still the clouds were bright.
She thought this time would be the last
She'd sit **there** in that light.

From high above her golden hair
One pebble fell — no more.
And as it fell, the waters there
Rippled to the shore.

Each ripple was a tiny wave;
Her memories they kept.
These, with the waves, moved far away.
She bowed her head and wept.

SHARON FROST, Matric.

ON MAKING A CAKE

Cake making can be quite a lot of fun if you don't know how, the reason being that you have nothing to worry about — you just go ahead and mix without a care in the world. Whereas, if you know how, you have to think what you are doing — how it will turn out. Will it be good, etc.? This worrying is the main cause of deflation and consternation among cakes. Therefore, avoid it! Take me for example; I've never made a cake in my whole life, but I know mine will turn out just the way it should. I shall begin.

First I take five eggs, a handful of salt, some butter, a canister of sugar and some flour (remember be specific!) and mix them around in a big red bowl for a while. After the while is up I look in and find everything just the way I left it — how silly! Maybe I've left something out? Who knows? Did someone say milk? Fine, I think there's a quart around here somewhere . . . **SPLASH** . . . there. Now I'm ready to mix again. I mix this around for about ten minutes until it's time to grease the cake tin. Having greased it, I pour my ingredients into the tin and leave it all to sit while I turn on the oven. H-m-m-m! 450 degrees might do. Then I remember that I've forgotten to put in the vanilla; vanilla is the ingredient that gives the cake flavour and so I pour in about one-fourth of the bottle. My cake is going to be good! **Now** it's time to put the cake in the oven.

Twenty minutes are up and I can hear my cake gurgling and popping — the sign of a contented cake — and so I look in only to find it running all over the oven, but who's excited? Not me! I take my trusty spatula and help the eggs, butter etc. back into the tin and settle down to wait once more.

Twenty minutes more go by and now it's time for my cake to come out. But the icing isn't made yet! What to do? I take a box of icing sugar, an egg, some chocolate sauce, and a slice of butter and mix them together with the mixmaster.

"Voila!" My icing — fit for a queen. Out comes the cake looking browner than normal, which is especially surprising because I don't remember adding any chocolate to the batter. Oh well — on goes the icing — nice creamy icing which seems to get creamier as it hits the cake. In fact it is running all over the sides . . . oh boy! a waterfall!!

The cake is all iced, or rather the icing is all used up and there on the table is the plate and there on the plate is the chocolate icing and there on the chocolate icing is the cake and, oh yes, there on the table is another cake — or is it part of mine? Who knows? Anyway, I've made a cake — no

fuss, no bother — and it has turned out exactly as it should have — a complete mess! **Therefore**, before you make a cake, remember! Be sure you know how, because if you don't know how, you'll tend to worry and as I've said — worrying is the main cause of deflation and consternation among self-respecting cakes!

JANE MACDOUGALD, Matric.



YOUR DICTIONARY

Believe it or not, the dictionary is an interesting book. First, I must define my terms. I take up a heavy blue book with an orange paper cover and find that all those words with varied and cryptic meanings are fully explained. A dictionary is a "book dealing with words of a language or of some special subject." It is interesting to see how your dictionary goes about the task of presenting a vivid picture of our language as it is being spoken and written today. It is of interest to learn new words and their meanings. For example, do you know the meaning of the word 'wrasse'? I'm sure you will find it of general concern or interest to know that a wrasse is a "thick-lipped, strong-toothed, bright-coloured, rock-haunting sea fish." Another feature I find very interesting in my dictionary is the appendix of general abbreviations. It is amusing to browse through page after page of the short forms of various words and phrases, I.D.B., "illicit diamond buying," c.p. "Candle-power." Had you ever guessed that there were short forms for these phrases? Now I pause and find it of interest that I can also use the word "curiosity" before I completely wear out my principal word, interest. My curiosity leads me to find out the meanings of words that I use every day but cannot define. As I reach page one thousand and ninety-eight I find to my horror and great concern that I have not been using the simple word '**some**' correctly. '**Some**' you will be interested to learn, means "Particular but unknown or unspecified, as — fool has locked the door." I think my readers should find this fact of curiosity and refrain from the use of such phrases as "Some Nice!"

I hope I have instilled in you a new interest in your dictionary. Thus I leave you with this reminder, please remember next time you pick up your dictionary that it is crammed from cover to cover with vital and interesting facts.

BETTY TAYLOR, Matric.

SUNBEAMS AND HORSES

It was September, 1959. The sun, which was high and full of warmth, cast a ray of golden light through my bedroom window. On the far wall directly across from the window, sunbeams were merrily dancing in time with the soft murmur of the wind through the trees. From my bed I could see the multicoloured leaves on the poplar just outside my window; they were gold, yellow, red, brown and green. The Virginia creeper framing my window had changed to its deepest autumn crimson, and several curious vines peeped over the sill. Everywhere was perfect silence except for the birds' chatter and the quiet rustling of the leaves as they fluttered from the poplar's long lean branches to the brown earth beneath. My attention was turned to the sunbeams which continued to play on the far wall. How they seemed to be enjoying their game, when suddenly two hit each other and fell motionless. Simultaneously a heavy cloud covered the sun. The world became dark and eerie, and like a bolt from the blue that tragic day came back to me.

Yes, it was a year ago to-day that it had happened — September 20, 1958. The day had been a "blue and gold" one of autumn. Midas had not missed a tiny leaf or a single blade of grass; everything was gold except the brilliant blue sky up above, too high for him to reach. It had been a marvellous day for a hunt!

The stables had been a picturesque sight. The grooms and stable boys, dressed in white T-shirts and blue jeans, scurried about doing last-minute odd jobs, while the riders sat chatting nervously on a newly-painted rail fence. They were clad in their best equestrian clothes — white cravats, red jackets, and white jodhpurs.

The dear old field secretary, originally from England, had been around for years. He walked sedately from rider to rider, exclaiming with a very pompous air, "How jolly good to see you again! How is your horse? Hope you have a successful hunt. Good luck, old chap!" Then almost rudely he would hurry on to the next equestrian.

Now and then the bay of a hound would be heard, or the neigh of a horse. The sharp crack of a quirt echoed unexpectedly as someone nervously slapped the side of his black shining boots.

Daddy had given me permission to ride his horse — my favourite horse! She was a huge black mare with a delicate head and fine legs. She had four white stockings and a perfectly shaped white diamond on her forehead. We called her Mona

Lisa — Lisa for short. She was a smooth ride, well-mannered, but highly strung, and it took an experienced rider to handle her.

The master of the foxhounds, commonly known as the M.F.H., sounded his hunting horn for the meet to mount their horses. Every muscle in my body twitched as I excitedly lifted myself into the saddle. The M.F.H. and the huntsman led the hunt as we proceeded at a slow trot towards the covert. Before my first hunt, Daddy had lectured me well, and I knew practically every hunting term. However, about the only one I was listening for was the loud yell of the M.F.H. "Gone Away," which meant that the hounds had caught the scent of the fox and the hunt was under way.

On this particular morning it was not very long before I heard "Go--ne Awa----y" and also heard Father shout "Good Luck," but I was in a world of my own as we dashed forward, so that I made no reply.

It had rained a few days before the scheduled hunt, but the course-master had gone over the course and thought the conditions entirely safe. As I mentioned before, it was a splendid day and the mad baying of the running dogs and the galloping of the horses was something to experience. The hunt ran across the fields, up hill and down dale, through streams and bogs. Lisa had thrown her whole heart into the hunt, and the louder the hounds bayed the faster Lisa galloped. The sun blinded me and the wind whipped against my face, bringing tears to my eyes. Then suddenly Lisa slipped, just before a three-and-a-half-foot stone wall. She threw me over the wall. I must have lain unconscious for several minutes before I awoke and struggled to my feet. My first thought was to find Lisa. I climbed the wall over which I had just been thrown, and to my consternation saw below me Lisa, who must have broken her neck, lying motionless — dead! Simultaneously a dark cloud covered the sun and all the world appeared dark and eerie.

The cloud had passed and the sun once again shone its dazzling light into my room, awakening me from my trance. Again the sunbeams began to play on my wall, the birds chattered, and the leaves rustled. However, I shall never forget my last ride on Mona Lisa, with the sun brightly shining and the wind wildly blowing, and then the sudden crumbling of the huge black mare beneath me.

VIRGINIA NICHOLS, Matric.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT

There we all were sitting around the Christmas tree, shivering with excitement. One by one Daddy handed out the packages, some huge, some small, but all decorated in the most festive red, green and multi-coloured wrapping paper, and tied with bows. Some were jingling with tiny bells. Little Mark, overcome with awe, grabbed a large triangular box and tore off the silver paper.

"That's not yours," wailed Bobby, another uncontrollable "terror," and quickly seized the remains from the baby's pudgy fingers. Just then a reverberating bang made everyone lurch forward: clouds of realistic smoke filled the room.

"Golly, is it ever real!" cried one of the brats.

Good old great-aunt Gertie pulled herself up from the floor and tried to relax on her stiff wooden chair. I could vaguely hear her muttering, "Very convincing! Yes, very convincing, Roy Rogers."

Hidden away behind the Christmas tree sat a very intriguing package especially interesting to me because I was sure it was mine. The year before, my sister had received a box exactly like that, and it had contained a dark mink stole. As a small object was forced onto my lap, I tried to accept it graciously, but I kept glancing eagerly at the other box, and by mistake told Aunt Louis that the fur she had given me was beautiful, and was just what I wanted. Fortunately, another shot exploding from the charming little gun put Aunt Louis into such a nervous state that when the noise had calmed down to the mild screaming of four cousins, three brothers, and two sisters, she cheerfully announced, "I am so happy that you like my fur," and waddled away, leaving me gazing at the intricately-knit mitts she had given me.

Daddy started to hand me the huge box which must hold my stole when Georgette, a dead little angel, wailed that she hadn't a present to open. Back under the tree went my sacred gift while a present gaily-ornamented with Santa Claus stickers was tossed to Georgette, and off she went.

"Look what Santa gave me! Look! Look!" she yelled triumphantly.

"There **is** no Santa Claus, you stupid girl," Johnny declared.

Mother unfortunately heard that remark and scolded, "Johnny, if you so much as dare to call your sister stupid you'll go up to bed immediately."

"Ah Mum, shucks!"

"Don't you dare 'Aw shucks' your mother," blared Father, and a roaring fight was started. The gift distributing was postponed while we had a few moments of discipline from Mum and Dad.

All the time I was staring anxiously at the precious parcel under the tree. It looked as though it really wanted to be opened.

"— and never talk back," continued Father. The lecture was over and the parcel handing-out was resumed. To me the big box was given. I gasped and tore off the ribbons and then pulled at the paper.

"For me? For me?" I asked as I impatiently tore the box open. "It really is for me," I thought.

Wads of tissue-paper covered the gift. Finally it was completely unwrapped, and there it lay — the most vile yellow blouse on this earth. It was so mussed that it seemed never to have known the touch of an iron. My mouth dropped open.

A nearby cousin, amused by the expression on my face, poked me and laughed, "Isn't it just what you wanted?"

It seemed as if everybody was looking at me. Daddy, with the poor taste of a typical man, glanced at me questioningly.

"Oh, Daddy, it's just what I wanted! It will go perfectly with one of my skirts," I said enthusiastically.

I could see my cousin winking and I could hardly refrain from laughing. Wasn't Daddy sweet to have picked out my present all by himself?

BARBARA CORDEAU, Matric.

THE LONG WALK

Handing Tommy his geography book and a small package of raisins, Mrs. Laird stooped to kiss her son lightly. "Good-bye, dear. Be careful—and have a lovely day."

She watched him as he walked and pranced down the path, performing those peculiar antics which only he really understood. At the gate he stopped to look back at the house hesitantly. Then, securing his book more firmly under his arm, and placing the box of raisins in his mouth to do so, he thrust his head up, blinked several times, and with the largest stride that he could master turned out of the path to begin the lonely trudge to school.

Mrs. Laird smiled. How independent Tommy seemed! He had felt very grown-up ever since he had started school less than a week before. A strange feeling of happiness and exultation, painful in its intensity, swept through her. He was growing up.

Frowning slightly as she leaned against the screen door she watched the sun-drugged flies trace tangled patterns on the porch steps. Thus she remained — silent — for a long time.

The morning followed its usual pattern until

ten-thirty, when the shrill ring of the telephone shattered the silence of the house. It rang six times before Mrs. Laird emerged from the basement breathless and flushed from her long climb.

Picking up the phone she heard a slightly anxious voice, "Good morning, Mrs. Laird. We've missed Tommy at school to-day. Is he ill?"

"Why, no --- no. He left the house at eight-thirty as usual. Are you sure there hasn't been some mistake?"

She felt suddenly, violently, nauseated.

"No, Mrs. Laird," the voice went on, "there has been no mistake; Tommy did not arrive at school this morning. That is why I—"

A numbness chilled her entire body, constricting her throat, making her choke. She struggled to swallow, and pressing her fingers tightly to her throat she forced herself to say, "Something must have happened!" Her voice rose. "I'll go and look for him right away — and — and, please — I'll call you back. Thank you very much!"

She dropped the receiver and ran blindly down the porch steps, scattering the sleepy flies. She had slammed the screen door behind her, and it was swinging back and forth, echoing ominously.

Tommy had first seen him just as he passed Willow Corners. Shocked by the sudden discovery, he had studied him for a moment, deciding whether to stay and talk to him or not. His dark eyes were perhaps a trifle beady and frightening, but otherwise he looked quite pleasant, and he might make a good friend.

Solemnly Tommy walked up to him.

"Hello! You know what I've got? A new geography book! See! And it has millions and millions of pictures! And I printed my name in it, all by myself! Do you like raisins? I do, 'cuz they give you 'muscells'. Would you like one? You know what? I wisht you could come to school with me."

And thus Tommy attached himself to his new friend and began to follow him down the road.

Mrs. Laird rushed out of the driveway, tripping and gasping in her haste. Her long legs, hampered by a tight skirt, flapped awkwardly, while her apron, billowing in the wind kept flapping up into her face. She wanted to call Tommy's name, but no sound came forth. Her eyes, aged and wild with fear, darted feverishly in all directions seeing only one thing.

At Willow Corners she paused, catching her breath in a sob before she swung around the corner. Then, astonished, she stopped abruptly, gazing incredulously at the child in front of her, who, with head lowered, was walking along the sidewalk so

slowly that he appeared to be scarcely moving.

"Tommy," she whispered hoarsely. Then louder, "Tommy, are you all right?"

He turned around, and looking back at her nodded dumbly. She ran up to him and releasing her fear and anxiety in an uncontrollable outburst of anger, grasped him by the shoulders and demanded sharply, "Then why aren't you at school, you naughty boy? Where have you been all morning? Tell me right now or I shall be very cross."

Tommy was upset by the unusual terror and sharpness of his mother's tone, which he could not understand, and he began to weep. As the large tears fell silently on the precious geography book, he pointed to the fuzzy black and yellow caterpillar crawling up the centre of the sidewalk.

"Only going to school with my new friend."

MARY MOLSON, Matric.

INTERLUDE

As you enter, the heavy odour of food and crowded humanity greets you. You've just entered a cafeteria. You're impressed with the white uniforms. The light green of the serving girls, whose clothes are trimmed with pink, match the walls. There is the steady noise of chairs being pushed back and of knives and forks on the hard-topped tables. The buzz and murmur of conversation is occasionally interrupted by a loud burst of laughter. As you push your tray along the rail and choose your food, you notice the great variety of soups, sandwiches, pies, and cakes, all looking very tempting and delicious. You also notice the side glances of the serving girls at the good-looking young men in the line. These glances are returned with interest by the fat middle-aged men who want extra-large helpings, or choice portions. Finally, tray in hand, you follow the assistant around the room, anxiously waiting for an empty table.

You have at least found a seat near the railing on the upper level of the room, where you may let your eyes wander freely and take in all that is going on around you. You laugh to yourself as you notice the evident embarrassment of a big sister over her dear brother's acrobatic stunts on the heavy rail along the serving counter. A little girl with a great air of importance is handing a special order slip to the serving girl and receives in exchange a chocolate sundae covered with marshmallow topping and nuts. A middle-aged, plump woman glances with envy at the ice-cream, taking a fruit salad for herself. A small boy, who is running back and forth to refill water glasses for his table, dashes between the other two characters, nearly knocking over the little girl.

Your plunge into deep thought is interrupted by the loud whirr of the cash register and a sharp ting of the bell as the cashier rings up a sale. People are rushing through their meals, gulping down their food, obviously having a certain deadline to meet. Those who have finished are snatching their coats and hats off the stands, and shoving towards the door. The place is emptying slowly and as you begin to feel that you have spent enough time over your meal, you have your last sip of coffee. You're glad you have no deadline to meet, but are feeling rather guilty for having dawdled so long. Your feet are rested and your mind is full of divers things, but it reverts to other subjects such as the long list of shopping you have ahead of you.

JUDY ARCHER, Matric.

L'INONDATION

Cramponnée à un arbre, la pauvre petite rescapée regardait les eaux qui l'entouraient de tous côtés. Comme le courant était rapide et impétueux! Beaucoup de branches, de morceaux de bois et de débris de toutes sortes, emportés par le courant dans une course folle, tourbillonnaient et semblaient vouloir résister à la force des eaux.

. . . Oui, elle se rappelait bien; la veille, le ciel noir et menaçant, les épouvantables coups de tonnerre, les éclairs aveuglants, et la pluie torrentielle qui était tombée pendant toute la nuit. . .

Maintenant, presque toute la campagne était sous l'eau. Les arbres, hier encore magnifiques, étaient maintenant saccagés, fendus, et dépouillés de leur beau feuillage. Tout était silencieux comme si tout était mort.

Une chaise brisée, emportée par le torrent, passa devant l'enfant — image de la détresse de ces malheureuses gens qui étaient sans abri, sans foyer.

Tout en regardant fixement autour d'elle, la petite n'était pas trop émue par le spectacle si tragique qui s'offrait à ses yeux, car elle ignorait ce qu'était au juste une famille, un chez-soi, quelque chose pour soi-seul.

Tout à coup, elle aperçut un petit objet de couleur rouge, qui flottait et dansait sur l'eau. Comme il approchait de son arbre, elle vit que c'était une poupée. Cette pauvre poupée n'avait plus qu'une jambe et portait une robe déchirée et sale, mais pour la fillette, comme elle était jolie!

La pauvre petite avait toujours désiré posséder une poupée. Avec précaution, elle se baissa et, après bien des efforts, réussit à la saisir. Vite, bien vite, elle la pressa très fort contre son cœur.

Un sourire charmant apparut sur le visage de l'enfant. Elle était heureuse pour la première fois de sa vie.

A ce moment-là, il y eut une éclaircie dans les nuages et le soleil se mit à briller avec éclat comme pour prendre part à la joie de la petite déshéritée.

M. MOLSON.

THE ALLURE OF PARIS

You are a tourist sitting in the "Café de la Paix" in the heart of Paris. You have read about Paris for years, seen pictures of it, dreamed about it, and now you are there at last, and cannot believe it. Parisians are all around you, and as you had not wanted to look like a tourist, you had put on an old trench coat and tied it around your waist with its sash (which you never do at home because it isn't fashionable). You then tied a scarf around your head, crossed it at the neck and tied it in the back, not forgetting to wear dark sunglasses and pale lipstick. You are carrying a string purse, and an edition of **Paris-Soir** under your arm. At least you should look and feel French. All you need now is that forceful, pouting but soft and romantic accent. A waiter comes forward to take your order.

"Un café noir, s'il vous plaît." Never have anything else, unless of course, it's an "aperitif." You are sitting there with the Opéra before you, the "Grand Boulevard" to your left, and the world of imagination at your feet. At the corner the inevitable motorcycle stops with a Frenchman upon it. His navy blue beret is tipped sideways and a cigarette is hanging out of the corner of his mouth. He is wearing sandals, and a red and white striped shirt, and is carrying a beautiful girl behind him. A black and white Citroen taxi pulls up and out comes the tourist. Since you think of yourself as French now you deplore the sight of a fellow countryman. The man is a short, bald, rather chubby American, and his wife is a boisterous woman who speaks French with a screeching voice and frightful accent. Your mind wanders and rests on the newstand in front of you. Inside it is a plump, hearty Frenchwoman partly camouflaged by the newspapers and magazines behind, in front, and on both sides. She is reading a copy of **Match** while her small, screaming son plays tag around the stand with a friend. In the middle of the street a handsome "gendarme" is directing the wild and impossible traffic of Paris. The streets are crowded with all types of people — a pair of lovers in a world of their own, a Montemarte bohemian who finds himself in the wrong "quartile." Two young school girls walk by with an arm around each other, skipping and laughing. Finally your coffee comes, you finish it, and unwillingly leave the café. At home this would have been a boring afternoon, but not here in Paris. You are enchanted by the city and you can think only of how wonderful life is. As you walk by the corner a young man whistles, and you laugh to yourself because you are young, carefree, happy, and Paris has stolen your heart!

BECKY ROMANO, Matric.

VI A



VI A PICTURE

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. They sing like angels — sometimes... | P. BALLOCH, VI B |
| 2. Our "Home from home"..... | H. HASLAM |
| 3. Snow is good for that "English complexion"..... | R. CARIDI |
| 4. Those headed for the "Tall Timbers." | R. CARIDI |
| 5. Cheer Leaders — in repose | C. STEWART |
| 6. Bells are numerous at K.H.C., but these "belles" are rare sights..... | J. WIGHTMAN |

VI A FORM REPORT

We live 'neath the gold and blue,
And we think our Form's a beauty;
We are chatty girls it's true
But we don't neglect our duty.

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

Then give three cheers for the VI A Crew
And three cheers more for our Mistress true.

(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan.)

After the first few days, we were moved from the present V A classroom down to the new classroom. With this change came a new Form Mistress, Miss Lloyd.

We had different Form and Sports Captains each term. In the first term the Form and Sports Captains were Shaun O'Brien and Joanne Hamilton, respectively; in the second term, Cathy Stewart and Jennifer Giles; in the third term, Margaret Matthews and Cheryl Lumière.

The fall term was taken up mainly with soccer. There were six players from VI A on the school team, and the cheerleaders, chosen from our Form, were out there to cheer them on. For Hallowe'en we divided into four groups, each one portraying a different section of New York: Fifth Avenue, Broadway, Greenwich Village, and China Town. Our performance may not have been professional, but we all had an enjoyable time. About a week before the end of term we began the Christmas decorations for the lounge. Our theme was a winter playground, hung with icicles, under which gambolled penguins, polar bears, seals, and walruses. On the last Saturday of the term we all brought down the stockings we had filled for each other and had a Form party with Miss Lloyd. Our Form Mistress seemed to enjoy it very much and appreciated our gift to her of a set of wooden salad bowls made in Quebec Province.

In the second term, much time outside was taken up with skiing. One afternoon a week, when the weather permitted, VI A went to Hillcrest for better skiing and ski lessons. We were not idle inside, either, because we were responsible for the decorations of the annual formal dance. This entailed much confusion, but the final effect of the jungle scene was apparently very pleasing to everyone. Sue Brainerd and Harriet Dupont are to be congratulated on their ideas and efficiency in organizing the decorating.

Sunday, April 16, was our "Red Cross Night" and the result of our past months' sewing and knitting was included in the school's magnificent display of clothes and toys to send to the Red Cross. The quantity and quality of our contribution might not have been nearly as good had we not had the encouragement of our class representative, Rosita Caridi, who is also the secretary of the Red Cross.

This year the VI A play was "Elizabeth Refuses," directed by our English teacher Miss MacLennan. It was very successful and the actresses were well rewarded for their efforts when the leading lady, Cathy Stewart, received the "Best Actress Award" at the Drama Festival at B.C.S. in Lennoxville.

All through the school year we have been cheered, through thick and thin, by our sextet. These musical six are Susan Brainerd, Gill Castonguay, Jennifer Giles, Cheryl Lumière, Sandy Miller, and Martha White. Although discouraged at times, they have nevertheless entertained us with their great variety of songs and have even been so generous on several occasions as to allow others to join in with them.

Finally we, the VI A's, would like to offer our deepest thanks and appreciation to Miss Lloyd, who has helped us so much to work together as a Form and to prepare us for the added responsibilities that will come with Matric.

MARGARET MATTHEWS,
ANNE GORDON



VI A's IN TRUE LIFE

We are far from being angels though our mischief's only fun—

We even try to concentrate on work that's being done!

But alas! Temptation catches us (as Jenny's impish smile.)

In the meantime Sandy's hollering that the Latin's simply vile!

And there's Marty's snickering, naughty grin, those exasperated sighs.

"Well, there's only one more class till lunch," is Marion's anxious cry.

One Anne is approving fellow "chaps," and another is spattered with ink.

But there's still a neat and pretty girl, yes, Rosita blushing pink!

And her room-mate Shawn, with those huge green eyes and a need for chaperon!

(But I'll tell you who's worse than her — 'Tis Jenny, she's the one!)

Though still there are the quiet few who have that lucky streak,

We've Joyce with her Scottish blue eyes and a wee voice, quiet and meek.

And all by herself amidst towers of books, with her gaze away off in a dream

Sits Anne, (though we've three you must know who we mean) for she's as smart as an eye can be keen.

With plans for a bomb — that's Harriet dear!
plus a test for a combat in space,

And with Ashbury caught on the end of Gill's
sash, what a world the VI A's create!

But our rascals you see are the cause of it all,
just to watch them in action is proof.

How would you like a sword-fish to smile at
you? You'd be gone in a wink and a poof!

That's assurance from Cheryl, our tropical maid,
who can scare you right out of your skin.

But like others, without her our Form couldn't
be, because a rascal helps fun to begin!

And there's Sue, with a desk cluttered up by the
books which she needed for yesterday's class.

But her drawing is great! What? A beatnik?
Mais non! though she sure is a modern "wee lass."

There are shocks when we hear a stampede
coming near,

Then alone tiny Gill soon appears—

Oh those Gills! What with three, and one taller
than all—

C'est la vie! we send the Staff into tears!

And with Joan's smart remarks and her funny
old walk,

Not to mention the sway Marcia owns—

She has French on her mind, or at least in a
sense—

And Suann shares this heaven unknown.

She's a rascal you know with her will-power
meals,

And her streaks of that beautiful blonde.

Tho' with "happiness" Hope and her needle plus
thread, there's no need for a toy to be healed.

Then Margaret slinks in with her graceful slow
strides, and a face that is patient and wise,

But she can be an imp tho' she's mostly a saint
and a scholarly mind is her prize.

With Joanne dashing by, almost knocking us
down in her gym shoes, a hurry and smile.

Oops! There's Cita so little she's often mis-
placed—

Behind the door she's been squashed all the while!

Now to bring up the line (though Jenny's still
there) is our fluttering, flustering "Lib,"

And a big smile from Di, Jenny's wink flashes
by—(Still we promise this tale's not a fib!)

So you see we aren't angels for our halos have
slipped,

But we've a Welsh little Mistress who cares.

And Miss Lloyd, we will try though it's more
fun this way—

Having laughter and mischief to share!

CATHERINE STEWART.

FOAMING SURF

"I must go down to the sea again"

Where silver spray sweeps the scorching sands;
The surf comes in, rushes out, and then
Extends its arms to far-flung lands.

The sun glistens down on the bay below;
The shore is strewn with weeds and shells.
The water reflects the sunset's glow,
And lovers whisper their last farewells.

JILL STOCKER, VI A.

THE SUNSET

The shadows lengthened as the setting sun
Told us the day was nearly done.
The spruce trees were laden with heavy snow
While the golden sun seemed to light them aglow.

The sun, disappearing, became a red ball
And glittered on the fields in colours all,
Until the sun, it finally sank
And lit up in colours the distant bank.

Now the sun has at last gone
To appear next day in early dawn.
The red sun with its flashing ray
Makes the sunset a beautiful time of day.

DEBBY GILL, V A.

SPRING

When the first shy violet peeps above the ground,
And a robin starts to sing;
When instead of snow the rain comes down,
Then you know it's spring.

The trees, beginning to show their leaves,
The green grass, the insects' hum —
The chirping of birds beneath the eaves,
All this is news that spring has come.

Gone are the days of biting winds
Of freezing hands and feet.
Spring has come, and gaily brings
Promise of summer warmth and heat.

Melted snow has run down from the hills,
Soft winds make the trees dip and sway,
Bringing out the sweet scent of daffodils,
Saying "Spring is here to stay."

ELIZABETH HAMPSON, VI A.

THE SEA

Have you ever really thought about the sea? You probably, as most people do, imagine it as a vast basin of blue-green water — rather salty-tasting and containing fish, seaweed, and shells. It is, but it is more than that. It is a whole life; it has charms that can draw anyone who will stop to think about it. Take, for instance, the many stories—of Gulliver, Ulysses and others—who were drawn to the sea. It was this attraction that led Christopher Columbus to discover America.

The sea isn't always blue or green. When it is very foggy the sea is grey. In a shallow, sun-drenched pool it is yellow, and when a storm comes the sea churns itself into a black colour flecked with white foam. And have you ever watched a wave break? You would find that the water constantly changes colour. Off in the distance the water seems dark prussian blue; when it comes nearer it becomes a lighter, greyish blue; as the wave rises it is a pale translucent green, and when it breaks it works itself into a white foam running up the beach. Receding as it picks up sand and debris it becomes rather brownish.

As well as many colours, the sea has many moods. One minute it can be calm and gentle; the next, it can be rough and savage — tearing, lashing, and ripping apart anything that happens to fall into its waters. Just as quickly its fury can turn into playfulness, daring any little child to sport with it — surrounding his tiny feet with its soft foamy water, chasing him up the beach, jumping back when he attempts to catch it, and slipping through the fingers of anyone who wishes to restrain it. It is independent, the sea — ruled by no man, strong and powerful, yet at the same time beautiful and calm.

The sea is one of man's best friends and worst enemies. Since the beginning of time the sea has been used for transportation by rafts, canoes, sailboats, steam and gasoline-powered ships, and now by atomic-powered boats. The sea is also used in many places for power. It is dried and salt is obtained from it. Gelatine is made from the seaweed, pearls from the oyster, and buttons from shells. Without the sea none of these things would be possible. Neither, in fact, would life on earth, for rain comes from vaporized sea water.

To counteract these assets the sea has many drawbacks. For instance, have you ever picked up a piece of glass washed up on the sand? If you notice, it will be round and smooth, all worn away. Then look around the beach. You will see that the stones and pebbles are not sharp and angular but rather round and smooth. The sea

does this wearing-away on a much bigger scale also. It wears away the bottoms of cliffs until there is nothing to support the tops, and then a whole chunk of land is broken off and left as dangerous rocks to catch any unsuspecting ships. I know a beach where there used to be, when I was younger, a cement navy bunker used for supplies. We often played in it. Now at low tide you can sometimes see a flat, smooth, wide piece of cement all rounded-off and worn. This is all that is left of the bunker. The sea has actually worn away the whole beach as well as the bunker. And what about a tidal wave? I am one of those lucky people who have not experienced these terrors, but I can imagine them from the words of others. What a frightening thing a tidal wave can be, destroying everything in its path, collecting deaths and sorrows!

On the whole, the assets of the sea outweigh its defects. My feelings about the sea are much the same as Byron's when he describes it thus:

"Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale, or storm.
Icing the pole or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and
sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathom-
less, alone."

SUSAN BRAINERD, VI A.



THE CRY

O God, I am so weary of this thought —
It sore oppresses me;
Falls heavy on my shoulders as I walk,
And ladens down my heart even as I sleep.
Can I not live, and laugh, without cruel thought?
Must I regard the vibrant world, and have
To understand its deep complexities —
Emotions, actions, all its words and deeds?
Can I not smoothly slide o'er Hills and Dales,
O'er Seas and Streams of Life, without desire
To search through all their depths, to try to find
I know not what?
Dear Lord, if I must have this weight upon my soul,
Show me the Way; the Path that leads to Truth:
That some blest day, my quest may end
In Peace.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, VI A.

A SOFTENED MEMORY

A warm afternoon rain was falling as Beth made her way among the loosened rocks and soil of the overgrown path. Slender branches enclosed her on every side, brushing their wet leaves against her cheeks as she passed. Several times she stumbled forward, grasping frantically for support and blinded by her tears, but she only wiped them away impatiently and continued her slippery descent. When finally she stood on the coral rocks which hid the tiny cove from view she was hesitant whether to obey her heart and turn back, or to obey the faint call she heard echoing through the misty trees, speaking her name. Though it made her body tense with fear, she followed it, scrambling quickly over the familiar reef. It wasn't long before her feet once more felt the softness of the white sand, while the sound of the foamy waves breaking against the cliffs filled her empty heart with memories. It was high tide and the water looked angry and cold, reflecting the dismal grey of the clouds which formed its roof. The salty sea-breeze tossed Beth's dark curls carelessly about her face as she ran across the beach to where the waves spouted between the rocks.

It had been three lonesome years since she had last felt the cool spray damp upon her cheeks and neck, and her tears flowed in a mixture of joy and sadness. It was here among these sea-worn rocks that her heart had been broken. The vivid, cruel memory of her little brother, imprisoned between a jagged coral wall and the merciless waves that took him from her sight, still lingered in her heart. She had been afraid to return, to relive those days when she had searched tirelessly, though she knew hopelessly. But now she knew she would always love it here, and would love the moods of the sea, whether calm and blue or restless — a mass of dark shadows topped with swirling white. It was a part of her, and would always remain, teaching her the beauty of courage and love.

Dusk was spreading its soft shadows across the horizon as Beth once again stood on the coral reef overlooking the cove, but there was no longer any evidence of rain about her. The clouds had scattered high in the sky and the dying sunlight streaked the quiet water in shimmers of pink and mauve. Beth's heart matched the beauty with its calmness as she turned with a smile in her eyes to climb the path to her new world of hope.

CATHERINE STEWART, VI A.

FOR LO, I AM WITH THEE

She gazed out on the gloomy restive sea,
And tears fell with the mist that wrapped her round
With pressing, floating, chilling, choking arms.
If she could die! From misery be free!
But no — each day, alone, she must go through
The stinging, cutting, biting, grasping world.
The sea laughed bitterly.

Then suddenly, across the waves there came
A cloud of gold that pierced the dark and shed
A gentle, peaceful, radiating warmth.
And from within it spoke a voice that said,
"I'm with thee always; put thy trust in Me,"
And glowing brightly, swept the mist away.
The sea smiled wonderingly.

She felt depression melt away like snow,
And deep inside her heart began to stir.
New love, new joy, new strength to face the world!
She closed her eyes and tried to thank the One
Whose words had made her want to live again;
And, face upturned, she bathed her soul in sun.
The sea sighed gratefully.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, VI A.

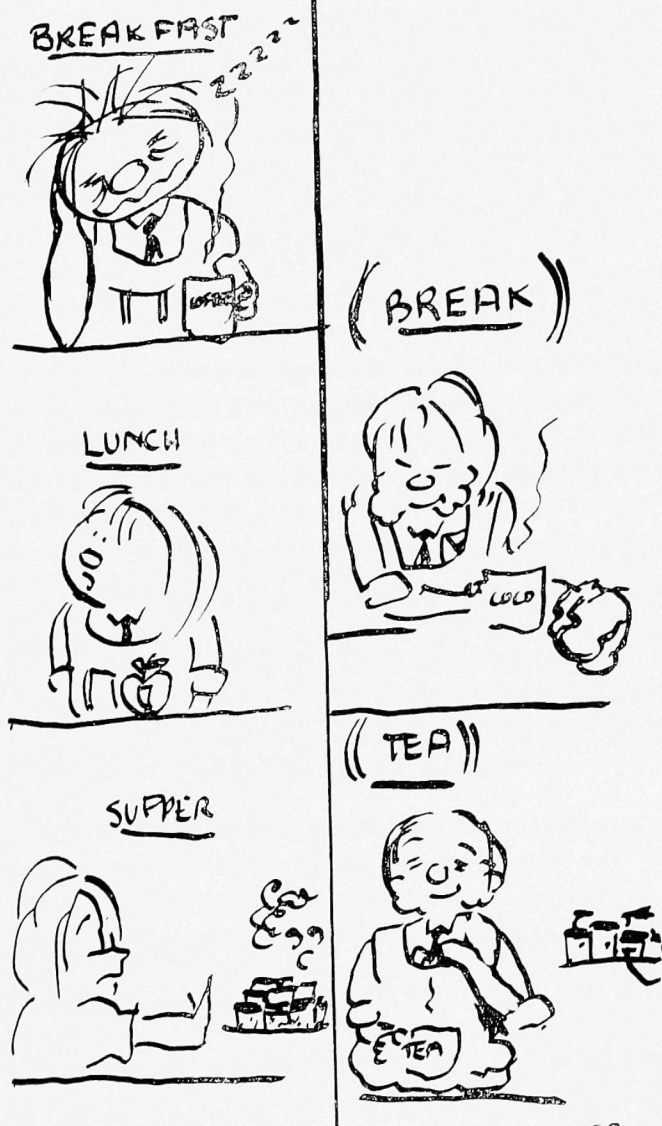
THE SILENCE OF EARLY MORNING

It was very early in the morning. I was skiing through the woods. Everything seemed dead. There had been a heavy snowfall during the night and everything was blanketed in a thick layer of velvety snow. Nothing stirred. The sky was dark slate blue, just one shade lighter than the grey vertical forms of the trees holding up their white-gloved hands, pointing with knobby fingers, scorning that I should be disturbing the quiet with my song at this hour. There were no tracks except my own. Nothing moved anywhere except for Venus twinkling through the trees, low in the western sky. All I could hear was the swish of my skis as they slid through the soft sifting snow — almost like the sound of water lapping against a rock — and the echo of my voice thrown back from the still, hard trees.

I felt alone in the world and wondered if there was anything at this moment living and moving, if I were the sole observer of this quiet peace. Then all of a sudden a bird flew past me, high in the trees, calling with its shrill voice. Just as suddenly it was gone, and the woods were silent as before, but somehow I felt reassured.

SUSAN BRAINERD, VI A.

FAMOUS COMPTON DIET.



THE SLEEP WAKER

FORMAL CONVERSATION

Up to Gym:

Boy—(gulp!) Hi!

Girl—Hello

B.—(silence)

G.—(silence)

B.—Um . . . what's your name again?

G.—Saprina Monroe — What's yours?

B.—Chasworth Osborne, Jr.

In Gym:

B.—The decorations are quite . . . um, effective.

G.—You're lucky you said that — we VI A's did them!

B.—Oh! are you a VI A? (I could have sworn she was a junior).

G.—Orchestra is pretty good, isn't it? . . . (Hope he gets the hint!)

B.—(I forgot! Boy, am I fluking this!) Oh yes, would you like to dance?

G.—Yes, I guess so.

B.—(She's **so** enthusiastic — it bubbles over — like old champagne).

G.—(The worse things in life happen to me — how can I get away? . . .)

B.—(I know I shouldn't have come, but I've got to say something anyway). How many years have you been here?

G.—About three, I guess.

—(Three years too many!) I've been at B.C.S. for five years.

Song ends:

G.—Well, um. . .

B.—(It's now or never!) Thanks for the dance — see you around. (The later the better — like never maybe!)

G.—(Phew!) Nice meeting you, Chas. (Boy, my acting is improving!)

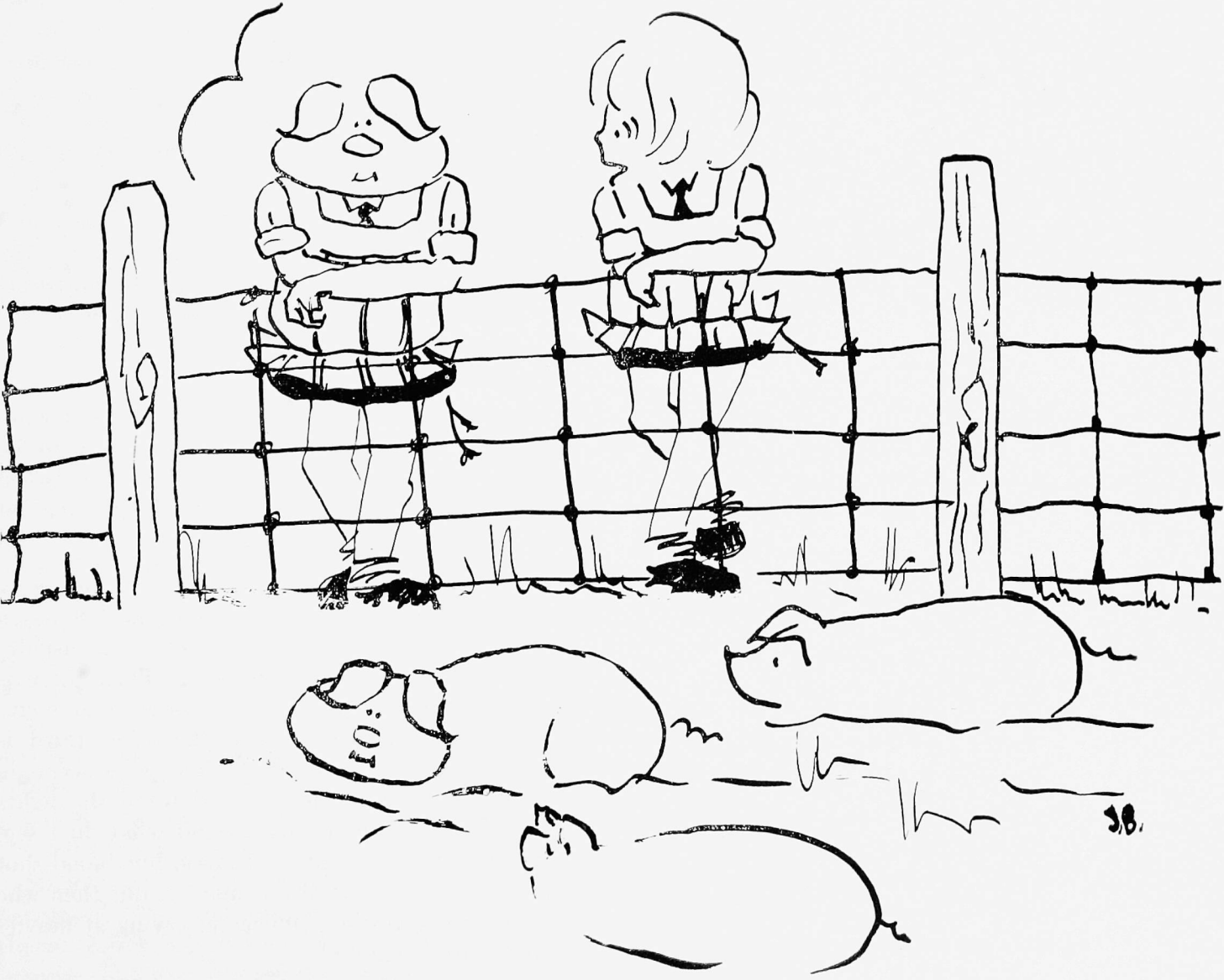
B.—You too. (They both turn around in opposite directions — find nowhere to go — so boy turns around again and taps Saprina on the shoulder).

B.—Hey Sap — I mean Saprina, (shuffling his feet) I'm afraid I'm lost. — Feel brave enough to try another dance?

G.—(Smiling demurely) I'd love to (He's not too bad, you know . . .)

P.S. I wonder if this starts another Bishop's - Compton romance?

SHAUN O'BRIEN AND ROSITA CARIDI, VI A.



FRIENDSHIP IS A TREASURE

How often there is friendship in a smile, a kiss,
 a touch,
 And with every word of kindness, faith and love can
 blend with such;
 For a friend is always precious — to be cherished
 like a jewel,
 And her heart may be a candle — spreading joy,
 with warmth its rule.
 How often must her shoulder cradle soft, unhappy
 tears,
 And lighten hopes with confidence, with bright
 unmelting cheer
 With gentle patience she must carry your fears
 among her own —
 Share your hopes, your dreams, your gladness, yet
 remain a gift unknown.
 She must smile and be forgiving, she must lend a
 willing heart,
 And in turn, of every hour happiness will share
 a part.
 So remember, as a rainbow builds its hues with
 magic touch,
 A true friend builds her beauty with kindness, care,
 and trust.

CATHERINE STEWART, VI A.



A SAD SONG

From under the tree
 I heard the pipes moaning
 Not far from the sea
 With the great waves foaming.

From under the tree
 Their dreary song yearning
 Not far from the sea
 With great waves burning.

From under the tree
 They sing of far travel
 Away to the sea
 As dreams unravel.

From under the tree
 The thought goes wondering
 Away to the sea,
 The sad song pondering.

GILLIAN ANGUS, VI A.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIES AT KING'S HALL

By the time everyone is dressed, the movie title is stale news, but one always hears such mutterings as, "It'd better be in colour" or "Is there any love in this movie?", or else, "I hope we see a lot of Rock Hudson, or Jeff Chandler," whoever the actor might be.

In two's and three's girls drift into the Prep Hall where the movie is held, and I think just watching them enter is the best fun. The Juniors, in their pretty pastel dresses and anklets perch themselves on top of the stacked-up tables with their bags of candy carefully guarded on their knees. An older Junior might be daring and appear in her new squash heels . . . plus anklets.

The senior girls usually dress up and it is always amusing to see what one might consider a mature and sophisticated young lady come teetering in on a pair of dangerously high heels and wearing a dress of the very latest fashion with her hair styled to perfection, holding an oversized, multi-coloured lollipop in her hand and looking therefore like a little boy at the fair. Then there are "oohs," and "ahs" as others enter, clad in their new outfits and blushing frantically.

When all are present, the Staff take their seats and the movie begins. When the "short" is over, the applause is almost always an expression of gratitude . . . "it's over." (By this time six or seven girls have had their calls from B.C.S. leaving the others to wait in anticipation).

The film is divided into four sections and whoever does the dividing must be an artist to be able to time it at the most tense moments; between each reel there is always the slight problem of unco-ordinated light switches.

I find it most trying on the nerves when, at a very tense and silent moment, someone lets out a shrill, blood-curdling scream which is usually followed by a torrent of shushing. Then there is the love scene! One-third of the audience gets embarrassed, one-third sighs and the other third is too busy chattering to notice. The love scene in most movies means the end and when the lights are flickered on and I look around what do I see! Not happy faces, or satisfied faces, but blood-shot eyes and red noses. It never fails . . . but then who but we girls have the privilege of crying at movies to our hearts' content!

CHERYL LUMIERE

VI B



VI B FORM REPORT

VI B has never been as large as it is this year. Consisting of forty-five girls, we had to be divided into two Forms, VI B (1), and VI B (2). The first twenty-four in the alphabet are under the kind supervision of Miss Ramsay, while across the hall the other twenty-one fresh air fiends are presided over by the watchful eyes of Miss Menzies, who came from England this year to be our gym. Mistress.

We have spent a very busy year playing such sports as soccer, basketball, hockey, volleyball and tennis with, of course, skating and skiing. We are proud to say that four of our girls were chosen for the school soccer team.

Hallowe'en provided much excitement when we decorated the dining-room in a spooky-castle theme. Later in the evening our skit was a great success. The first term ended in gay spirits at our Christmas party held in the gym. Miss Ramsay

VI B PICTURE

1. Pride of creation.....	J. BAGGS
2. . . . also eat from troughs.....	J. BURGOYNE
3. "Inflation" — 35 whole cents worth....	J. BURGOYNE
4. "A toast to the Hosts".....	S. Marpole
5. Bridge à la K.H.C.....	S. White
6. "Lets get coordinated".....	P. BALLOCH
7. VI B Artists.....	B. MONK, V A
8. "Androcles and the Lion".....	E. BLACK



and Miss Menzies joined in the hilarious festivities.

The second term got off to a good start with Miss Menzies choosing and directing a cast of twenty-six for Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," which later came second in the Youth Drama Festival held at B.C.S. on April 15.

The year was not all one grand festivity. Under the supervision of Diana Bignell and Esther Franklin, our Junior Red Cross representatives,

everyone made articles for the Red Cross. Among the things we handed in to Miss Gillard on the Red Cross Evening were dresses, skirts, pyjamas, and knitted articles with a few stuffed animals for variety.

Under the inspiration of Janet Burgoyne who edited and published it — with the kind assistance of her father's firm — we produced two copies of our own magazine, called the "Six-bee Hive."

Our sincere thanks go to Miss Ramsay and Miss Menzies and also to our Form Captains for the three terms. These were, in VI B (1), Mary Cape, Jean Baggs, and Susan Clark, and in VI B (2), Shireen Finch, Cathy Wooten, and Willa Magee. We also want to thank our Sports Captains, who were Janet Burgoyne, Elizabeth Cook, Claudia Dewar, Debbie Rankin, Di-Lin McLernon, and Sandy Hamilton. Without them we could not have had such a great time. The year has really been fun, hasn't it?

LINDA COWANS,
ANNE MACDONALD



NEW RIVER

Having visited a number of beautiful places in my native country, Canada, I think my favourite spot is New River, a tiny settlement in New Brunswick. It consists of about three rambling old farmhouses, a few small log cabins, one or two beautiful white houses, and a canteen called "The Gull and Herring." The beach, a lovely one of sand, runs below the highway for more than a mile and a half in a horseshoe fashion. If you delight in climbing over large boulders, through dark, cave-like tunnels and wading through shallow salt-water pools, New River is just the place for you. Wandering over the rocks you almost always come across several pools filled with delicate sea shells and sand dollars, while the seaweed draped over the huge rocks by the tide gives an impression of grass growing on a hill. If you climb for a while you finally come upon New River itself. This is a fresh-water river running straight into the Bay of Fundy. Small round holes have been worn in the rock by the rushing torrent of foaming water, and these give the spot a weird appearance. In some places the river rushes over steep overhangs of rock to the depths below.

Everything about New River is wonderful — the river, the beach, and the people who live there. I love New River, and I know many others do too.

WILLA MAGEE, VI B.

AN AIRPLANE TRIP

I'd never been in planes before,
I didn't feel too well,
On pins and needles in my seat
I waited for the bell.

They told us when we would take off.
Strangely it never came,
Instead we heard the pilot's voice
Telling us all his name.

He also said, "Get off the plane
As quickly as you can.
Just leave your coats and baggage here
And follow the Customs man."

We followed him to number four
From the thirteenth gate
And went into a little room
To see why we must wait.

The pilot and a man came in
And over some papers pored,
And then one said, "We've had a call
That there's a bomb on board.

No need to fret, the plane's being checked,
We'll take off in a while."
But what he said made me feel ill,
I couldn't even smile.

After all the bags were checked
And the airplane too,
We got on board and then at last
To Montreal we flew.

We landed after a safe trip
And we got out for a bit;
In twenty minutes we'd start on
The last lap of our trip.

Just before we started up
A leaky tank was found;
It took a while to fix, so we
Were three hours on the ground.

We left Dorval at 2.00 a.m.
To England we did head;
On through the dark, o'er land and sea
The big jet liner sped.

We landed at Shannon to refuel,
We'd had headwinds you see;
After an hour in Ireland
We flew across more sea.

To London's great airport we flew
And landed at long last,
And I can tell you, I was glad
To have that air ride past.

The ride was very smooth and
'Twas nice inside the plane,
But bomb scares, leaky tanks, I hope
I'll never have again.

JANET BURGOYNE, VI B.

THE MOST REMARKABLE PERSON I HAVE EVER MET

The most extraordinary person I have ever met appeared from behind a tree in Kensington Gardens, London. It was a lovely blue and gold day and the birds were chirping and singing in every sunlit direction. I was bending over the pond feeding a greedy little brown duckling when I heard a slight rustle and I straightened up to find a wizened old man staring kindly at me through the myriad of crinkly wrinkles around his eyes.

I smiled cheerily back at him, covering my surprise, and decided that I liked what I saw. The man before me was old, perhaps seventy-five or eighty years old, bent and withered, but only in the way an ancient oak is. His faded but well-cut tweed jacket was a better quality than the cheap trousers which sagged shapelessly around his legs and descended in folds over his feet. His face was his best feature; he had the kindly expression of a good man who likes naughty children. Creases lined his face like crinkled satin, and his smooth cheeks reminded me of smooth rich earth.

"What are you doing, child?" he queried in an amusingly bass voice which rumbled through his thin frame.

"Feeding the ducks, sir," I replied. The old man crouched down murmuring softly.

"Here ducky, don't be afraid, ducks."

He ran his gentle, nimble fingers over the crest of the duck's head. Although the ducks and swans of Kensington Gardens never allow a human hand to touch their heads, this little insignificant duckling seemed oblivious of this well-known fact, and in a few seconds the old man had him nestling in his lap.

Seeing my mouth wide open in astonishment, he said with a chuckle, "It just takes the right touch, dearie."

His faded blue eyes twinkled and sparkled. His amusement subsided into murmured croonings as he fondled the duck, and I stole away leaving the pair alone.

CATHERINE WOOTON, VI B.

MY FIRST DANCE

The great night had finally arrived, the night of my first dance! With every turn of the car wheels we drew nearer to the ball-room where I was to make my debut into the Social World. Yet I was not the slightest bit nervous — why should I be? Had not my dancing instructor drilled into me every dance step on the face of this world, or so I thought, and I had never had any trouble conversing with boys. As the Rolls Royce swept up to the door of the mansion where the ball was to be held, the chauffeur leaned back in his seat and presented me with a little red carnation.

"This is for luck, Lady," he said.

As I swept into the ballroom with my cream-and-rose-coloured Dior gown billowing behind me, the footman announced, "Mademoiselle Marie Rothschild," and all eyes turned my way. Smiling and nodding to right and left, I walked down the steps, but was intercepted half-way down by about a dozen handsome young men, all wanting to dance with me.

Everyone with whom I danced paid me charming compliments. "You are more beautiful than the roses of summer!" whispered one gallant stranger.

Still my bliss was not complete, for I had not yet met anyone who even faintly resembled the man of my dreams. Then I noticed a man about twenty-five years old standing with his back to me talking to a very attractive girl in a gorgeous black and white dress. Suddenly I knew that somehow I must gain his attention. Excusing myself from my very drab and dreary partner, I ran across to his side of the room, and when I was within two feet of him managed to twist and break my string of pearls, which immediately scattered themselves all around his feet. Of course he had to stop his conversation with the other girl to pick them up. Just as he was bending over to do this gallant deed, his eye caught mine. The next thing I knew the pearls and his friend were forgotten and we were dancing together. He was a magnificent dancer and extremely handsome — tall and muscular, with dark hair and roguish hazel eyes, which were packed with humour. His manner and disposition quite matched his looks. I knew then that however different he was from my imaginary hero I would never want to change him. He was just whispering something in my ear about going out onto the balcony when bump! The whole ball-room spun upside down and I found myself sprawled on the floor beside my bed with my pillow in my arms.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, VI B.

MAN OVERBOARD

We had been planning our trip to Europe for over a year. Finally the glorious day came when Josephine and I left the bustling docks of New York in the *Enchantress*, a small ocean liner.

The statue of Liberty and New York's prominent skyline gradually faded behind the dense fog hanging over the harbour. Our spirits, however, were not clouded for we had great expectations. Josephine was too excited to keep still. She raced up and down the decks, with the sea breezes blowing her long black curls, inspecting every little nook of her temporary domain.

As for me, since I feel rather ill if I watch the mighty ocean rolling by, I went down to our cabin, sorted out my belongings, then put on a comfortable pair of shorts and a shirt for lunch.

I sauntered leisurely up to the lounge where I had expected to meet Josephine, but not seeing her anywhere, I began conversing with a very impressive, elderly man in a white uniform with gold braid gleaming on its cuffs. He proved to be the Captain.

After we became acquainted, he invited me to dine with him that evening. I declined this invitation on account of having to look for Josephine. He was on the verge of inviting her also, which would have been most embarrassing, when he was interrupted by a deafening cry of "Man overboard."

I said with a half-hearted and involuntary mumble, "That's probably Josephine, sounds like something she would do."

Then it occurred to me that this was probably the reason why I couldn't find her, so I dashed outside only to encounter a mob of people yelling, screaming, gasping, sighing, moaning and fainting all at once.

I was anxious to know what had become of Josephine, whether she was this unfortunate soul who had fallen over or, if not, whether she could survive in the crowd. In my anxiety, I asked in a loud confused voice, in order to be heard above the din, "Have you seen Josephine? Has Josephine fallen overboard?"

Since no one knew me or this Josephine I was enquiring about, they looked at me with puzzled expressions, then ignored me completely.

The Captain, realising my distress, endeavoured to comfort and reassure me that Josephine hadn't fallen over and that he was quite sure that Josephine would be safe. He then added that it was only a silly black cocker spaniel which had fallen overboard and that they were now hauling it up over the railing.

On hearing this I burst into hysterics and rushed over to where the dog was lying, half-dead with fatigue.

The Captain looked on with knitted brow, his curiosity not satisfied until he saw me embrace the dog and heard me moan, "Oh Josephine darling, are you all right?"

JENNIFER EARDLY, VI B.

A CUP OF WATER

Have you ever thought how hazards and difficulties make life more interesting? Compare obtaining a glass of water from the kitchen tap to getting it from a spring. We don't think a minute of receiving a cup of water from a tap.

But how fascinating springs are. Remembering back a few years I can still visualize the scene. It was Wednesday, commonly called "Hike Day" at Camp Tinansota. Our tent group's anxiety increased as we prepared the army-type knapsacks, having just been told that we were going on an over-night trip.

We walked all the way — twenty whole miles. The sun overhead was beating down upon me all day. My arms had a red tinge on them before noon. Imagine what they were like at sunset. Gradually my throat went dry as I had had only a soft drink at lunch. How I yearned for something to drink. My burden felt unbearable. I thought I would collapse any minute.

Someone mentioned that we should reach our destination, Cascades, any minute. Shortly afterwards my ears detected the remote echo of thundering falls. Was I imagining it? I was reassured I was not.

Finally we reached the site. I stared at the miraculous beauty, trying to appreciate it all. The sparkling water was weaving its way over and among the rocks. The current above was utterly fascinating in the way it slowly curled itself into cascades. At their base an intriguing babbling brook carried on its way, so crystal clear that I could see the pebbles at the bottom as it skimmed gracefully over them. Glancing down, I could see my reflection perfectly in its surface.

While I drank the most quenching, frigid drink, I thought of the normal procedure of obtaining water from the tap, how hum-drum a procedure! and how dank the taste is compared to spring water! Such an experience brings home to me what a marvellous world God has created.

CALLIE ARCHER, VI B.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOLLAR BILL

Mr. Hawkins, with a rolled cigarette in the corner of his mouth, turned sharply towards the old-fashioned cashier box. With great impatience he snatched me out of my tin compartment. Crumpling me into a small ball, he poked me into his patched trouser pocket. His pocket was very musty, smelling of the presser in a dry cleaning shop.

Walking briskly into another department, we suddenly stopped abruptly. My poor side felt terribly bruised, for also in my owner's pocket was a thumb tack, which would bump into me every time we moved. Cough! cough! I was being choked! What a cruel master I had, who had no feelings whatsoever for my green neck. Suddenly I felt a lump in my throat for I knew that I was being handed over to another human being. How would this one treat me?

Placing me gently in his billfold, after kindly uncrinkling me, Mr. Bartlett walked away from my former owner. I knew I was with Mr. Jonathan Bartlett, for with my green eyes I had read his identification card in his billfold. Mr. Bartlett and I proudly walked down the avenue. When no one was looking we darted into a pub. Shyly I was taken from my home in the black genuine leather billfold, placed on a scratched, dusty counter, then whipped away. A pair of boney, greedy hands threw me onto a tray with a picture of a chorus girl dancing gaily on it. I went plunging downwards, downwards. Bump! bump! I remember the weird smell coming from a strange-looking object, in which I could see my beautiful green face! It was the same smell that Mr. Hawkins had about him.

"Ouch!" I said to myself, followed by, "My, it is hot."

Then I knew what had happened. The bartender's greedy hands had dropped me into an ashtray by mistake. Now, I was no longer a green dollar bill.

ELIZABETH COOK, VI B.

PEACEFUL BUSTLE

"Fresh flying fish! Fresh flying fish!" shouted the boy as he peddled along the ancient stone-cobbled road with the newly-caught fish arrayed on his handle bars.

Vivid with life in the early hours of the morning, Barbados glistened in the first rays of the rising sun.

Slowly the market stalls began to fill. Oranges, apples, bananas and sugar cane appeared, displayed in expert fashion. In the distance along the worn road, women were coming into view balancing great baskets of fruit and vegetables on their heads. Donkeys loaded with goods trotted briskly to empty stalls and waited with patience while eager hands unloaded their packs and set them on display.

Standing high on the rocky bank, one could see the sails of the little fishing vessels being raised into the slight breeze. Swaying to and fro, the palms looked almost alive and bursting with energy.

Below, the crabs were busily removing the seaweed that had accumulated during the high tide the night before, blocking their homes that covered the cliff.

Tossing and turning, the great ocean roared upon the shore. The giant white-capped waves seemed to swallow up the beach as a lion does its prey. The shining sun upon the rolling water and the pale pink of the coral reef was accented beautifully amid the azure blue of the engulfing deep.

Turning towards the downward path, we hastened to the white sand beach. Then plunging into the cool frothy foam, we took our morning dip before breakfast.

LINDA COWANS, VI B.



THE CRAMMER THE
NIGHT BEFORE AN
EXAM.

V A



V A FORM REPORT

For Picture Credits, see page 28.

I'm writing this to make it clear
 'Bout all the things we did this year.

We sewed and sewed at Red Cross work
 With Bege to see we didn't shirk.
 And now we've skirts of every size,
 A sight to gladden all our eyes.
 On Wednesday, two weeks in a row
 At other's laundry we would sew
 Buttons for three cents, rips for five
 To make some money we did strive.
 Down in the basement we would be
 To polish shoes for a small fee.
 Black and white polish, blue and green
 At our shining depot could be seen.
 Now we've twenty dollars — or more
 Which is the outcome of our chore.

At Hallowe'en we all had fun
 With acting parts for everyone.
 'Cause we put on some little skits
 Which had the whole school in fits.

At Christmas — a Nativity play
 With the Babe in the manger of hay.
 Some were angels, one a black king,
 And some of us had a solo to sing.

Skiing at Hillcrest for all
 Over hills both big and small,
 And in the spring we had "La Tire"
 When the sap was running clear.

The first term Sheila was whom we had
 To see that we did nothing bad.
 Nancy as Sports, and how she tried
 To bring us out on the winning side.

Next came our Barb, a savage one.
 Just see the good that she has done!
 Susie Graham, the athletic girl
 Kept us moving in a whirl.
 Margaret started her career
 At the very end of the year.
 With Liz to help her with the sports.
 (And of these we found all sorts.)

They were right good Captains, too
 Just see the fine results accrue.
 We do homage to our own Miss Keyzer.
 With good behaviour let's surprise her!
 And to Miss Evans hearty thanks;
 She's put up with all our pranks.

GUESS WHO IN V A

1. Never curls her hair?
2. Loves to draw?
3. Is learning to play the Bongo Drums?
4. Never gets mad?
5. Is a terrific singer?
6. Loves skiing?
7. Is a book-worm?
8. Snitches your cookies at supper?
9. Is the most disorganized girl in V A?
10. Spills her milk at every meal?
11. Just loves all kinds of desserts?
12. Just moved to the great U.S. — "Traitor!"
13. Has finished her fifth book in one week?
14. Is on a diet?
15. Is on a diet?
16. Is going home again this week-end?
17. Got another **very** high mark in a history test?
18. Was in the Infirmary again?
19. Looks like a chipmunk?
20. Loves chewing gum?
21. Wants to be a boy?
22. Gets the most fan mail in V A?
23. Just loves to eat?
24. Is a great hockey fan?
25. Got another phone call from B.C.S.?
26. Got all her algebra prep. wrong **again**?
27. Is the biggest B.C.S. fan in V A?
28. Can't find her House pin?
29. Had her hair cut again?
30. Bought only **one** box of "la tire" this term?
31. Guess who is the most **wonderful** Form Mistress?

Answers

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. A. Jellicoe | 16. B. Savage |
| 2. G. Leslie | 17. J. Clarke |
| 3. E. MacNaughton | 18. S. Salmond |
| 4. M. Douglas | 19. C. Monk |
| 5. B. J. Punnett | 20. M. Vickers |
| 6. A. Ross | 21. S. Southam |
| 7. B. Blackader | 22. C. McDermid |
| 8. J. Stikeman | 23. J. Stewart |
| 9. D. Gill | 24. N. MacDonald |
| 10. C. MacLatchy | 25. W. Rankin |
| 11. A. Stikeman | 26. K. Plow |
| 12. K. Wickson | 27. S. Graham |
| 13. A. Wright | 28. A. Newman |
| 14. D. Dawes | 29. B. Brown |
| 15. M. Webster | 30. A. Ritchie |

31. Miss Keyzer

THE ACCIDENT

With a whizzing sound of steady skis
I saw her gently bend her knees;
Her style was one of practised skill
As she sailed through the air without a spill.

Confidence gained, I started out;
My mind was clear, and I had no doubt
That skiing was just a one, two, three,
Until up loomed that fateful tree!

The next I knew I was lying there
While the people began to shout and stare;
I thought at first I was in my bed
But it turned out to be the ski patrol's shed.

And now I am lying in bed at last;
Unhappy to say, my leg's in a cast;
And when the skiing begins again
The skating rink will be my aim.

DEBORAH GILL, V A.



VIEWPOINT

George shuddered as he looked at a small plaque reading "Dr. C. A. Harris, Dental Surgeon — Walk in" on the closed door in front of him. He looked back over his shoulder, but his heart sank even lower when he saw his father barring the only escape from the corridor in which he was standing. George gulped, bravely reached for the knob, and forced himself to open the door. His father gave him a firm push into the dimly-lighted reception room beyond, filled with old magazines and a few hard, leather-covered chairs.

A young woman wearing a white uniform and seated behind a desk cheerfully said, "Good morning, Mr. Peters. Hello, George. Would you like to go in for your appointment now, Mr. Peters?"

George's father gasped, "But - - but - - - isn't it George's appointment?"

"Oh no," answered the receptionist. "George is all finished with Dr. Harris. It's your turn to-day."

The chairs didn't seem so hard and the magazines were suddenly quite fascinating when George sat down to wait for his father. "All's well that ends well," he thought happily.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, V A.

A COUNTRY DIARY

Spring is the end of winter and the beginning of summer, and it seems to belong to two worlds, like a cradle suspended in the air. In the cradle lie the folded buds of the leaf, the coloured points of the flowers, and the nesting creatures, neither in the sleep of winter nor fully awakened to the climax of summer.

The elm you will recognize easily because it is glowing with small red lamps, bright as the lights on a Christmas tree. The willow hangs like a golden shower of rain with its tiny leaves just unfolded, but the ash is still as hard as the frosts of winter.

The pussywillow belongs to the children, who hope it will be golden with unshed pollen by Palm Sunday. Buds burst, birds twitter and fly to and fro carrying twigs in their beaks. Bud time, leaf time, time between the nesting and the egg all melt into one.

ELIZABETH MACNAUGHTON, V A.

IT HAPPENED WITH THE FIRE

Running Bear was not like the other Braves. They wrestled and hunted and played hard. Running Bear did these things also, but he just couldn't seem to be as good as they were. This coming Summer the young Braves could be chosen as men of the tribe, but it didn't appear as though Running Bear would be good enough.

One evening, as they were all crouching around the fire, the other boys started teasing Running Bear about his weakness.

"You will always remain with the Squaws," said Swift Hunter.

"You should be with the Squaws now," said another. And so on . . . Running Bear made up his mind that he too would become a Brave, somehow, rather than tolerate their jeering.

One day as Running Bear was out hunting by himself again, he came upon the Great Plain. The Plain belonged to their friends, the mighty Sioux Nation. Suddenly he saw that a fire was sweeping across the Plain. He must warn his tribe. Like the wind he raced back to the camp and screamed the news to every one who could hear.

At once the whole camp became a beehive of excitement. The women and children moved their belongings and the teepees — the Braves dashed back to the Plain to warn the Sioux and stop the fire — if they could.

Many hours later the exhausted Braves relaxed; they had won. Together with the Sioux, they had

finally been able to put the fire out, and also to save the Sioux community.

The tribe no longer thought of Running Bear as a weakling. He had proved himself to everyone. Running Bear was a very happy young Brave.

BRIDGET BLACKADER, V A.

THE FISHING TOWN OF CLOVELLY

Clovelly, being situated on the west coast of Devonshire near Cornwall, is always known as the "Quaint" town. As it is built on the side of a cliff, it has only one main street. This street, made of cobblestone steps, runs up through the middle of the tiny village. There are no railings. . . SO BE CAREFUL.

On either side of these steps are small houses built on slanted foundations, so as to keep the flower bowl from sliding off the table. Again these are quaint. Small flower boxes hang outside the whitewashed window sills and copper door handles, hammered on to pine doors, open into cleanly-swept houses.

There is only one General Store in this village, where you walk in under a silver bell. The wife of a fishmonger greets you with a smile and a Devon accent saying, "And what pleases me young lassie to-day?"

Nearing the shore you can hear the loud squawking of the sea-gulls, pounding waves on the rocks, and the joyful yells of boys fishing on the high stones off the break-water.

This wall made from the crude rocks of the shore stands about twenty-five feet high and serves its purpose very well. A flight of stone steps leads you up to a ridge of rock built as a platform for the fishermen so they can see out over the blue depths of the waters. It is also used by sightseers.

For those who tire easily and have eaten too much on the way down, there are donkey rides up, for a shilling.

Stopping on the way up is always a good time for looking at the scenery. Scanning the water you may see small fishing smacks, pleasure boats, or even tugs. Dyed sails of blue, green, red, or yellow dance on the horizon as the sun sets.

And so another day has passed in this small fishing town. Hundreds of people have come that day and left, with memories of this fairytale village. If you ever get the chance, please go to this fishing village which is built on a cliff on the edge of Devonshire not far from the King Arthur County.

ANNE STIKEMAN, V A.

A GREAT AMERICAN

One of the greatest Americans was Doctor Tom Dooley. He gave up a life of probable ease to work in uncivilized Laos. Tom Dooley as a young intern in a large American hospital had every chance to settle in a town or city and have a group of wealthy patients to keep him in the lap of luxury. But rather than this Dr. Dooley went to work for "MEDICO," an organization designed to give medical help to the poor and uneducated in uncivilized lands where hospitals are, of course, greatly lacking. More often than not he worked in a crude, dimly-lit hut, off in the wilds somewhere, coping with an uneducated native as a patient. Frequently he had to train a native to work as his assistant in an operation or in setting a broken bone. Even when he himself was crippled by bone cancer and forced to return to the United States he declared he would go back again to his work and continue it till his mind, his bones, and his heart gave out.

Doctor Dooley died soon after that at the age of thirty-four. He did more in his short life than most of us will do in a lifetime double that of his. Tom Dooley was truly a great man. Let us pray that there will be more like him in the not too distant future.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, V A.

ALONG THE SAND

As I looked down upon the sand
I encountered God, and hand in hand
We walked along the beach.

We marvelled at each tiny shell
And paused, the lovely scent to smell
Of sea, of wind, of foam.

A tiny fish caught in the weed
Struggles vainly to be freed
From its most certain death.

A gull swoops down and lightly lands
With awkward grace on golden sands,
While rippling waves sweep in.

My prints are filled with rising tide
As the sun begins to hide
Behind the misty hills.

The shore grows dim and nature rests;
A last ray shines a wave's small crest
In God's great wonderland.

BARBARA MONK, V A.

THE DREAM

In a room above my head
One will find a tiny bed,
Where a girl is weeping —
For her puppy, who is dead!

It was only a week ago,
That she let her puppy go
To play with her alone —
With a new, brown, rubber bone.

Then a car came zooming by
And the little girl let out a cry,
As she saw him lying dead —
Not moving his cheery head.

But, look! Is it true?
Do I see a gray-blue
Dress go running by
With a puppy at its side?

Yes, that is a girl in blue
And it all is very true,
The puppy is out playing
And, I was only dreaming
A crazy mixed up dream
With a very unhappy scheme!

NANCY MACDONALD, V A.

THE CANADIAN MINT

All the coins that Canadians use are made in the Mint in Ottawa. If you have ever been there, you have seen how fascinating it is. It is a large stone building surrounded by high walls, and on one side there is a cliff. At the entrance there are guards, and you cannot go in unless you have a permit.

A guide takes you first to a very hot and noisy room where men are working at great fires melting down bars of gold, silver, and copper. As you go out of this room you can see numerous bars of gold weighing many pounds and worth hundreds of dollars each.

Next you are shown to a room where the melted materials are rolled into sheets and left to cool. Strips are then cut out of these sheets and coins are punched out of the strips. The edges are put on next, and finally the insignia is stamped in the metal. Men are employed to check every coin for the slightest flaw.

If any little thing is wrong with one, it has to be sent back and melted down again. The coins are then counted and put in a bag. Hundreds of dollars are made in this way every day.

ANTONIA WRIGHT, V A.

THE WHIPSNADE ZOO

The Whipsnade Zoo! Every time I hear the name I remember the pleasant afternoon we spent there last summer. This park, called a zoo, is situated about thirty miles out of London and is famous for its non-caged animals that roam throughout the park. Zebras, lions, polar bears, giraffes, penguins, and many other wild animals can be found in this three-square-mile park.

The lions live on low levels of ground with caves and forests, grass and rocks, to make it more home-like for them. The spectators look down on them watching their slow and graceful movements as they roam through the tall grass.

Through the dusky trees of a forest you can see giraffes running and eating the leaves off the trees. The chattering of monkeys and the everlasting whistle of grasshoppers soon make you want to leave this section. Going on farther you come to a large field in which zebras, South African springbok, and gazelles are grazing together. Still looking at these lovely animals you practically bump into a large herd of water buffalo playing in the mud.

On the other side of the road is a pond, and as you turn the corner you see beautiful swans, ducks, geese, and other water birds ducking for fish and food.

These are just a few of the animals that roam around this wonderful park just outside London.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, V A.



MY HORSE AND I

Riding my horse with the wind in my face,
Feeling his movement at a fast pace;
Walking, trotting, galloping or tack
The best place is on my horse's back.

When fields are golden in the sun
Or white with winter's snow;
No matter what the weather,
Out on my horse I go!

Galloping, galloping over the land,
My horse responds to every command;
Happy and gay and carefree am I!
When riding my horse, the moments fly.

MARGOT WEBSTER, V A.

TOPSY TURVY TOWN

It's when I stand upon my head,
That I find you upside down,
Not only you but everyone
In Topsy Turvy Town.

The daisies all hang from their stems,
Just like a brilliant medal
When worn on someone's overcoat,
Who acts just like a general.

My house perched on its chimney,
Surrounded by the trees, who
Balance there amid the noise
And buzzing of the bees.

But when you come to think of it,
I'm sure that you have found
While standing on your head like me
You'll like my funny town.

ANN STIKEMAN, V A.

NIGHT ADVENTURE

Nine-thirty, lights out!!! A slow hum of whispering crept over the corridor. Alarm clocks were set for 2.00 a.m. Socks were under pillows and extra sweaters tucked beneath the blankets. A smothered laugh escaped from one of the girls.

"Only four and a half more hours of this dreadful waiting," exclaimed one of the impatient members of the group.

"Mary-Ann, are you still awake?"

"Sue, is it time yet?"

Slow as molasses the clock ticked away the minutes. After midnight the drowsy-eyed figures slowly awakened one another. "Dong! Dong!" went the old grandfather clock. At last it was 2.00! Commotion again stole through the night, but now no laughing or talking was heard, as that would definitely spoil their venture. Clad in socks and extra sweaters, the girls crept out of their rooms. The hall was dim and scary but nothing would stop them now. Single-file, without a word, they tip-toed into the corridor because they had to be as quiet as mice and step as lightly as feathers to get successfully past the Staff rooms.

Finally they reached their destination. Slowly but surely the door was opened. Quick glances told them what they wanted to know. Yes, the leaves had turned green on the plant just as Miss Wallace had predicted.

JANE STEWART, V A.

The Juniors



V B FORM REPORT

For Picture Credits, see page 28.

This year there were sixteen girls in V B, namely Margaret Fox, Margot Grant, Cathy Lawson, Wendy Leggat, Sydney McDowell, Joan McMaster, Alex Moore, Elaine Oliver, Bonnie Rinfret, Jill Stainforth, Vicki Stewart, Mary Stratford, Pinkle Sturgeon, Cynthia Taylor, Polly Wiessner and Sue McCain, who joined us in October.

The Form Captains were Jill Stainforth, Mary Stratford, and Joan McMaster. The Sports Captains were Margaret Fox, Margot Grant and Vicki Stewart.

In the Autumn term we put on Hallowe'en skits based on the Television commercials and in the 1st and 2nd term we skated, skied, and tobogganned and on the whole had an enjoyable winter, but would have liked more snow. Each Friday night during the Winter Term we met with our Form Mistress for Red Cross work.

In the Summer term everyone played a lot of tennis and we also had swimming and cycling.

All in all we had a most enjoyable year with Mrs. Elliott as our Form Mistress. Thank you, Mrs. Elliott.

IV A FORM REPORT

This year IV A consisted of five girls: Vickie Druce, Kathy Mackay, Tilly Solomon, Pauline Roberts and Jackie Warden. Our Form Captains were Vickie, Pauline and Kathy, and the Sports Captains were Kathy and Jackie. Red Cross representatives were Tilly and Vickie.

During the first term we put on a French play with the V A's. We produced a Nativity Play under Miss Hewson's direction. In the second term we skied, skated and went sliding with the rest of the Juniors. We also went to a Formal dance at which all of us had a nice time. In the third term we played a lot of tennis and baseball. We also had a raffle. We raffled a delicious cake made by Mrs. Doering, our Form Mistress and made \$25.00 for the Red Cross. The winner of the cake was Miss Gillard, and she donated it to the Cottage girls.

We should like to thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Doering, for the fun and the help she gave us.

IV A.

COTTAGE REPORT

This year the Cottage has twenty girls from many far and near places. From South America and Barbados we have Otilia Solomon, Kathy McKay, Jill Stainforth and Elaine Oliver. From the United States we have Cynthia Taylor, Polly Weisner and Sydney McDowell. From Ontario come Mary Stratford, Pinkle Sturgeon, Alix Moore, Margo Grant and Cathy Lawson. From Quebec there is Joan McMaster, Vicki Druce, Jackie Worden, Sue McCain, Wendy Leggat, Margaret Fox, Bonnie Rinfret and Vickie Stewart.

Mrs. Doering and Mrs. Strathy are our two matrons. Mrs. Doering comes from Oakville, Ontario; and Mrs. Strathy from Montreal. Our two Prefects, Wendy Leggart and Jill Stainforth, were put to work late in the Autumn term.

Just before the Christmas vacation we had a big Christmas party. Miss Gillard, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Keyzer, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Gelpen-Brown all came. Gill Rowan-Legg took the part of Santa Claus and everyone had a good time.

Now, as Spring is beginning to break through winter, we are all looking forward to the various pleasures of that season, including, perhaps, planting our own gardens.

The Cottage Girls.

SONGS

There are songs that come from many lands,
Sung or played by different bands.
There are songs in many languages, you know,
Some are medium and some are low.
But that song written in a special key
Is just for you and just for me.

MARGOT GRANT, V B.

THE ROBIN

The robin is one of the most popular birds in Canada. It can be easily distinguished from other birds because of its red breast. It is about four to five inches tall with black and red feathers.

The robin first appears in the spring, looking for a suitable place to build its nest. The nest is made of mud, sticks and some string. When the nest is finished the mother lays three to four little blue eggs and sits on them until they hatch. Then when the eggs are hatched, the mother and father spend most of their time looking for insects to feed their babies. In late autumn they leave in one's or two's for the south. The Robin is the cleanest and most honest bird in Canada.

BONNIE RINFRET, V B.

THE SQUIRREL

The squirrel is a small, bushy-tailed, gray, black, or reddish-brown animal. He is an agile climber, for he has long nails that dig down into the bark to hold him.

In the fall he gathers nuts and acorns to store for the long cold winters.

The squirrel is a very cute, affectionate animal. When he wants you to feed him, he will put his paws on his white chest and beg. You just can't help giving him something.

In the summer he makes his nest high up in a tree. This nest is made of sticks, leaves and soft grasses which he gathers from the ground.

JACKIE WORDEN, IV A.

VENEZUELA

Venezuela is hot and wet,
And sometimes dirty, I regret,
It has its swamps and rivers too,
But of lakes there are but few.
Many men work and toil,
Digging for gold and for oil.
Tigers there are and dreaded snakes,
As well as sharks in some of the lakes.
There are many flesh-eating fish,
My, would they like us for a dish!
There are primitive Indians too,
To them shirts and shorts are new.
Venezuela, under its blazing sun,
Is filled with something for everyone.

JILL STAINFORTH, V B.

PICKA TENNA REEF

Picka Tenna Reef is a fascinating place. It is situated on the west coast of Barbados overlooking wild seas and is itself wind-swept and barren. If you look up at one side you will see a spire-shaped hill with many paths leading up to the top. Take one of the paths and if you have enough breath to climb to the top, you can see around for miles. On one side you will see Tenna Reef. That has a very rough coast and it is said that there are octopi there. Off in another corner there are the chalk hills that crumble very easily under the slightest pressure. At the foot of these hills is a beautiful beach. Instead of sand here, there are smooth, flat stones which feel wonderful under one's feet. The waters near the reefs are generally dotted with many small fishing boats of bright colours, for this is a wonderful place for fishing.

ELAINE OLIVER, V B.

A HOLIDAY HIGHLIGHT

For weeks I had wanted a toboggan; one that was long, one that would go fast and one that had a mat on it. That mat was really what I wanted most, I guess. A toboggan without it would never have done. I had grave doubts about getting one, though, as I couldn't find one hidden anywhere about the house.

On Christmas morning we went up to my Grandparents' house to open our gifts. I looked all around the tree and to my disappointment there was no toboggan. Then I went to see what my Grandfather was doing in the next room and there, leaning against the wall was my dream come true, a beautiful, long light brown toboggan and it had a thick red mat on it. I was so happy I nearly cried, but the tears would have been tears of joy.

JILL STAINFORTH, V B.

A TROPICAL JUNGLE

Almost half of Venezuela is covered with dense jungle, full of many beautiful plants, squawking parrots and chattering monkeys. These animals love their home and help make it a very interesting place to visit.

Inside the jungle are all kinds of beautiful tropical flowers and plants. Orchids cling onto trees and tiny, gay-coloured flowers peep out from behind thick bushes. Long, slender green vines look very tempting to swing on as they gracefully move back and forth with the wind. But these may not be as strong as they look and while you are trying to play Tarzan they might snap, and — down you are on the ground, with a hard landing, too! As you get to the denser part of the jungle, you hear the squawking of parrots piercing the air. Although parrots are noisy they certainly look very beautiful with their vividly coloured backs against the dark green of the trees. One should walk along cautiously for fear of stepping on some long, slithering snake. There are many of these, such as poisonous cobras and huge boaconstrictors. Here also are found many harmful animals, but unless you have some very bad luck, you usually do not meet them. High up in the trees are monkeys scampering around playing very energetically. As the sun sets over the jungle a big change takes place; the parrots and monkeys calm down, the snakes quietly slip away, and the jungle is very calm and peaceful all through the night.

KATHY MACKAY, IV A.

CATS

The cat is a very ancient animal. He came into man's life at least eighteen centuries before Christ. In the year 1500 B.C. the cat, tamed, was brought to Europe. The cat belongs to a family called "Felidae" to which the lion and tiger also belong. The cat is a very useful animal for killing such things as mice, insects and snakes.

There are many people in the old world who still believe in superstitions. The Egyptians respected the cat so much that the punishment for killing one was death. In Japan the killer of any cat would bring a curse on his family for seven generations. In both Japan and China the people believed that cats were wise and that they could speak after they reached the age of ten.

There are many different types or classes of cats such as Siamese and Persian. Most cats of to-day are kept for pets and a few for show purposes.

SYDNEY McDOWELL, V B.



WINTER BIRDS

Birds are marvellous creatures. As I watch them I often wonder how they know when to fly south and when to come back; how they know how to find their way around the country. Of course, there are many, many different kinds, and nearly all of them are very beautiful. In the winter, most birds go south, but there are a few that stay. That is why some people put out bird feeders. The birds that come to our feeder are very varied. There are blue jays, starlings, nuthatches, chickadees, and two kinds of woodpeckers.

Our feeder is very crude, but it serves the needs of the birds. It is just a flat piece of wood set on top of a stick. There is a piece of suet placed inside some wire netting for the woodpeckers, as they do not like the bread crumbs that are put out. Also, there is a tin of fat for any bird that wants it.

This is the second winter that the birds have come to our table. The males fight for the bread, pushing the females away. When they can, they get a huge piece in their beaks and nearly choke in their efforts to swallow it. The woodpeckers do not get into the fight, as the bread diet does not interest them.

I love to watch the birds, and I hope they continue to come every year.

PAULINE ROBERTS, IV A.

WINDY

"Windy" is just an ordinary and well-known hill to every one of us at King's Hall. We have used "Windy" in many ways such as a picnic ground, a ski hill, a wonderful place for games and even a place in which to sit and think. Only the very best skiers, though, are allowed to ski there.

In autumn "Windy" is at its very best. The trees are turning orange, red, yellow and brown and the sky is a clear blue above and behind them. Our hill looks so beautiful, just as though it were a picture, but no picture could do it justice.

VICTORIA DRUCE, IV A.



THE FARM IN WINTER

The farm is the most wonderful place. Every day I go to the barn after school. As soon as I walk in, there are some snorts and neighs from the back of the barn. It is Dan and Kikie, the two horses. I feed them carrots and sugar.

To the right of the horses there are two rows of cows. There are only two Holsteins in a herd of Ayrshires and the older one is the other one's mother. Also, there is a very, very old cow, fifteen years old, which had twin bull calves for her last babies. She is very proud of them. These last few weeks she has not been eating well and the farmer has to give her a special bran mash. Along the aisle behind the cows there are several compartments. The old cow's twins are in one of these.

In one of the corners the watch-dog, Tazard, is chained. He yelps with joy when he is patted. Whenever Prince, the collie dog, comes into the barn, Tazard starts growling and snarling. This is because Tazard is chained up and Prince is loose. He gets jealous of Prince and that is why they fight.

In the winter, the farmer takes Dan and Kikie and harnesses them to a sled. In this manner he carts manure up to the other fields. For nearly a month he could not go, either because he was too busy or because there was not enough snow and ice. Then when the snow melted he used a wagon on wheels to haul the manure. However, he has to use the sled again because of a recent fall of snow. There is never a dull moment at the farm.

PAULINE ROBERTS, IV A.

DREAMING

Doesn't everyone like to dream? To some people it is the nicest form of relaxation they know of, to let their minds wander away, far off to their favourite dreamland. As you hop into bed after a long, hard day of working in a stuffy classroom you can just close your eyes and let dreams take you away from the cold lands of winter to an island in the Caribbean, with swaying palm trees and beaches covered with white sand glistening in the sun. Or you may go to the thick jungles of Africa on a safari hunt searching for a fierce tiger, a man-eater, that has killed both men and children in looking for food for itself. You see yourself battle the man-eater, kill it, and feel yourself the proud hero afterwards. A few people don't seem to get enough dreaming done at night, so their dreaming takes place in the day. They walk around with a very far-away look, as though they were not conscious of anything happening around them. Oh no, they are not here at all, they are off on some very dangerous mountain-climbing expedition or flying through the air on the highest trapeze imaginable. But we shouldn't be too hard on them; they are enjoying themselves, as practically everyone does when they're dreaming.

KATHY MACKAY, IV A.



LOS MOTILONES

Estos indios habitan en la Sierra de Maracaibo. Sus costumbres todavia no han adelantado mucho. Su pelo es negro, liso y lo usan corto, su piel es marrón aceitunada.

Sus vestidos son faldas de cin tura para abajo, y en dias de fiesta se adornan con plumas y prendas.

Acostumbran hacer la comida durante la noche y su pan es llamado casabe.

Viven varias familias en una misma casa, que es muy espaciosa. Para pescar y cazar usan flechas, accos y lanzas.

No tienen a la mujer como compañera sino como sirvienta e inferior al hombre.

Hace pocos meses fué la primera vez que el hombre civilizado pudo entrar en su tribu.

No conocen el valor de las mujeres y muchas veces las usan para cambiarlas por cosas. Los hombres duermen en hamacas mientras las mujeres en esteras sobre el suelo.

OTILIA SOLOMON, IV A.

K. H. C. O. G. A.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY

O dear! it is so long ago! Over sixty years since my mother deposited me, in all my youth and ignorance, at what is now King's Hall, so named in honour of the Coronation of King Edward VII. I went in the middle of the Term, as Bishop Dunn, who then reigned over Anglican Quebec, had learned with horror that I had been sent to a convent to learn French! So, I was summarily dragged from the convent and shot off to "Compton Ladies' College" — "Where all the girls, that clever are, can there get lots of knowledge!" — at least so said our unofficial private school song.

The Principal was Mrs. Brouse and the Vice-Principal Miss Hedges. There were about five teachers and twenty-odd girls. The School consisted of the main central building with a small wing on the left of the front door, which had the dining room on the ground floor, the Matron's quarters upstairs and the kitchen in the basement. The Matron was Miss Fowler. She was very kind but I don't think she had had too much training. Her sole remedy was a large dose of castor oil and I remember her fumigating a room **with me in it** when I had chicken pox. Why I was not suffocated I will never know, but I finally struggled out of bed and put my head out of a window.

But to get back to my arrival. It seems it was a day of terrific crisis and upheaval. There were seven girls — called "THE SEVEN" — who were great friends and roomed together. They had somehow incurred the wrath of Mrs. Brouse and had been separated, amid tears and vows of eternal friendship. I could tell you their names even now. I was put in a room with one of them, Mary Braden. She was very kind to me I remember. Life was not complicated; the lessons I found very easy.

I must tell you about Saturday nights! Upstairs over the right wing there were three or four cupboards, each with a large tin bath in it. I don't mean a bath with running water, but a tin tub. We were introduced to these and two huge jugs of water, one hot and one cold, a bar of castile soap, and told to bathe. I can still smell the steam and castile soap and feel my smarting little hide,

which was never properly rinsed! The June closing came, as closings do, and we went home. Little we knew what the next September would bring forth! A new wing had been added to the school, real bathrooms installed, a bath list pinned up and you had to take **three a week!** There was no such nonsense as cleaning out the bath when you were through, so the last girl had a lovely rich high-water mark all around the tub — quite adequate to growing dandelions!

The Prospectus of that year announced that the girls were to be put in charge of "real English Ladies" — hereafter referred to as the R.E.L. Miss Gena Smith was the Principal and Miss White — a temperamental Irishwoman — was Vice-Principal. They wore suits with long skirts ending in a short train; Miss White was the first woman I ever saw with short hair. She filled me with elemental terror! — in fact, I was frightened almost to death of all of them. I am sure I can trace much of the "nerves" I suffered later on in life to the tension I was always under.

There were only fourteen girls that September, but from then on the school grew rapidly. I remember Miss Smith took us all to Sherbrooke to see the Duke and Duchess of York who were later George V and Queen Mary. They came by train and were a little late as they had to stop the train so that the Duchess could have her hair done.

Well, life became for us one long series of rules. You must not use the front door, or go up the front stairs, nor go below the road, (i.e. the drive on the grounds); you must not run or talk in the corridors, or leave a class under any consideration, or raise your voice at any time, or receive letters from **anyone** but your parents, not even your brother or sister. There were so many "must-nots" that life was run by them. The R.E.L's had a very dim view of Canadians and did not hesitate to let us know it! We were lazy and incompetent, we walked on our heels and talked through our noses, we were rude and altogether poor material. I spent **days** sitting in the hall, being barred from the classrooms, and was put "in silence" at least three or four times a day. Life was complicated, for half the time I, at least, didn't know how I had

offended. The cold in that school was incredible! The water froze in the ewers on our washstands, the ink in the classrooms. Our hands were raw and bleeding and I have gone all day without any feeling in my feet. The R.E.L's, being English, did not feel the cold! We had no gymnasium but did "exercises" twice a week in the Main Hall. We did not wear uniforms, but dresses, or skirts and blouses, with long sleeves and high necks with skirts to our ankles. Hair in a "pompadour," tied with an enormous bow at the neck and on top of our heads. If one had long thick hair in a braid, the second bow was at the bottom of the braid. Black or brown shoes and stockings were always worn. White or coloured were only for brides or ladies going to a Ball. We went to Church twice on Sunday. The Rector was a dear man, Mr. Parker, and we called him Daddy Parker. He seemed very old to me, but I don't suppose he was really. The boys from the Model Farm sat behind us and one awful day one of them sent me a box of chocolates! It did not get any further than Miss Smith. She called me to her room and the skies fell! I wept for three days and I am sure she did not believe that I had never even spoken to him!

The country was beautiful in the Fall and Spring. We went for walks every day and picked wild flowers in the woods. In winter we always went to a "sugaring-off." We caught pollywogs in the swamp behind the school and kept them in glass jars until they got cute little legs and turned into frogs. Once Eva Wilkinson left hers in the sun and it died. She wept bitterly at the funeral!

What I gained at King's Hall was a sincere love of English literature, a real knowledge of English history, a thorough grounding in Church history and the Book of Common Prayer, a smattering of German and Latin — I knew French — but I still can't add three and five and mathematics is a closed book. Why use figures when letters will do? After four years I sang "Forty years on" for the last time. So silly, for I was never going to grow old! How could I?

VIOLET (SCOLES) GRIER

Old Girls' News

MARRIAGES

- May Gilbey to Kenneth Copland, May 7th, 1960.
- Susan Leonard Carling to John Bassett, June 11th, 1960.
- Marie deB Strathy to Carlo Abegg, June 18th, 1960.
- Ann Iddon to George Gorycki, June, 1960.
- Diane Smith to William R. McMurtry, August 19th, 1960.
- Nona Hopper to Milton Murray, August, 1960.
- Honor McDougall to Douglas Robertson, September 23rd, 1960.
- Margot Beaubien to Peter M. Gardner, October 18th, 1960.
- Isobel Fitzgerald to Grant Murray, October 22nd, 1960.
- Jennifer Parsons to R. P. Johnson III, October 29th, 1960.
- Byrne Wheeler to Edmund Hunter, November 13th, 1960.
- Nancy Gilmour to Douglas Keen, November 26th, 1960.
- V. Ann Smith to Dr. William Van Alstyne, December, 1960.
- Mary Mitchell to W. Wardwood, December, 1960.
- Valerie Ross to David Clifford Knowles, March 11th, 1961.
- Susan Vickers to John Black, May 18th, 1961.
- Valerie Lee Garland to Fraser Lindsay, May 19th, 1961.
- Diane Angus to John Harold Webster, May 27th, 1961.
- Janet Martin to Bartlett MacDougall, June 3rd, 1961.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ballantyne (Joan Williams) a son, May, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. William Matthewson (Mary Fayre Tremaine) a daughter, June 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cooper (Jennifer Job) a son, June, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Fortier (Janet Fry) a daughter, July 3rd, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Black (Shirley Eakin) a daughter, August 28th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. John Summerlin (Valerie Meyer) a son, August 31st, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Yves Fortier (Carol Eaton) a son, September 10th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Irwin (Mary Reid) a daughter, September 15th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Potts (Diane Smith) a son, September 20th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall (Diane Taylor) a daughter, September 25th, 1960.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Luby (Ann Bourget) a daughter, October 3rd, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Benn (Renée Perrault) a son, October 10th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Thuswaldner (Heather Anderson) a son, October 12th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Whittall (Susan Teakle) a son, October 22nd, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Seymour (Andrea Russell) a daughter, October 27th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Holden (Betty Lou Van Buskirk) a son, October 27th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. J. David Molson (Claire Faulkner) a son, November 1st, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Lawes (Judy Northey) a son, November 15th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald McKay (Barbara Dawes) a son, November 17th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bignell (Barbara O'Halloran) daughter, November 25th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson (Shirley Oulton) a daughter, December 2nd, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartland McDougall (Eve Gordon) a daughter, December 9th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dennis (Marjorie McMaster) a daughter, December 15th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Linton Reid (Mary Holt) a daughter, December 15th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Jaime Robertson (Barbara Shipman) a daughter, December 16th, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Findlay (Dorothy Johnstone) a daughter, January 9th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Marco Zubar (Harriet Schneider) a daughter, December 26th, 1960.

Mr. and Clive Baxter (Cynthia Molson) a son, January 11th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour (Ann Trenholme) a daughter, January 17th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKim (Fiona Bogert) a son, January 21st, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bassett (Susan Carling) a son, February 23rd, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Schmidt (Mary Jane Hutchison) a son, February 24th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Grant (Joan Frewin) a son, February 25th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis (Claire Davidson) a daughter, April 7th, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. R. F. C. Vessot (Norma Wight) a daughter, April 13th, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Creighton (Willa Ogilvie) a daughter, April 21st, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Carrique (Margaret Stewart) a son, April 21st, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Tass Grivakes (Lynn Weir) a son, April 23rd, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Joyce (Claire Fitzgerald) a daughter, May 1st, 1961.

DEATHS

Mrs. Daniel Doheny (Norah Deane). September 28th, 1960.

MR. BURT'S RECIPES**HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE**

- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tablespoons corn syrup
- 1 Tablespoon butter
- 1/3 cup boiling water
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate and butter. Pour in hot water, slowly stirring. Bring to boil and add sugar and corn syrup. Boil 10 minutes. Cool slightly and add salt and vanilla.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

- 1-1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2/3 cup corn syrup
- 4 Tablespoons butter
- 3/8 cup heavy cream
- 3/8 cup milk

Combine sugar, corn syrup and butter. Bring to boiling point and cook to 230°F. Add cream and milk.

King's Hall Compton Old Girl's Association

BALANCE SHEET As at February 28th, 1961 ASSETS

CASH:

General fund.....	\$ 355.68	
Life membership fund.....	978.42	\$ 1,334.10

DUE BY KING'S HALL INC.

Interest on investments.....		220.75
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INVESTMENTS, at cost

\$4,000 Loblaw Leased Properties Ltd. 5-1/2%, April 1st, 1983.....	\$ 4,022.50	
\$500 B.C. Telephone Co., 6%, September 15th, 1984.....	500.00	4,522.50
		\$ 6,077.35

REPRESENTING:**General Fund:**

Balance, at beginning of year.....	\$3,518.73	
Add: Net income 1960-61 — statement attached.....	198.62	\$ 3,717.35

Life Membership Fund (Fees received):

Balance at beginning of year.....	\$ 2,160.00	
Life Membership fees — 1960-61.....	200.00	2,360.00
		\$ 6,077.35

Respectfully submitted,

(Mrs. R. W.) DEIRDRE STEVENSON,
Treasurer.

GLENDINNING, CAMPBELL, JARRETT & DEVER
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

Montreal, April 24th, 1961

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE For the year ended February 28th, 1961 GENERAL FUND

INCOME:

Membership fees.....	\$ 463.00	
Receipts — teas and luncheons.....	913.50	
Bond interest.....	220.00	
Bank interest and exchange.....	19.04	\$ 1,615.54

EXPENDITURE:

Stationery, printing and postage.....	\$ 127.94	
Teas and luncheons.....	754.31	
Travelling expenses.....	10.00	
Laura Joll prize.....	10.00	
Bedspreads.....	390.00	
Sundry.....	124.67	1,416.92

NET INCOME FOR THE YEAR.....

\$ 198.62

Autographs

GREETINGS FROM

NASSAU
IN THE BAHAMAS

W. W. I. NICHOL

H. H. NICHOL

JOHN NICHOL & SONS Reg'd

BUTCHERS AND PACKERS

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



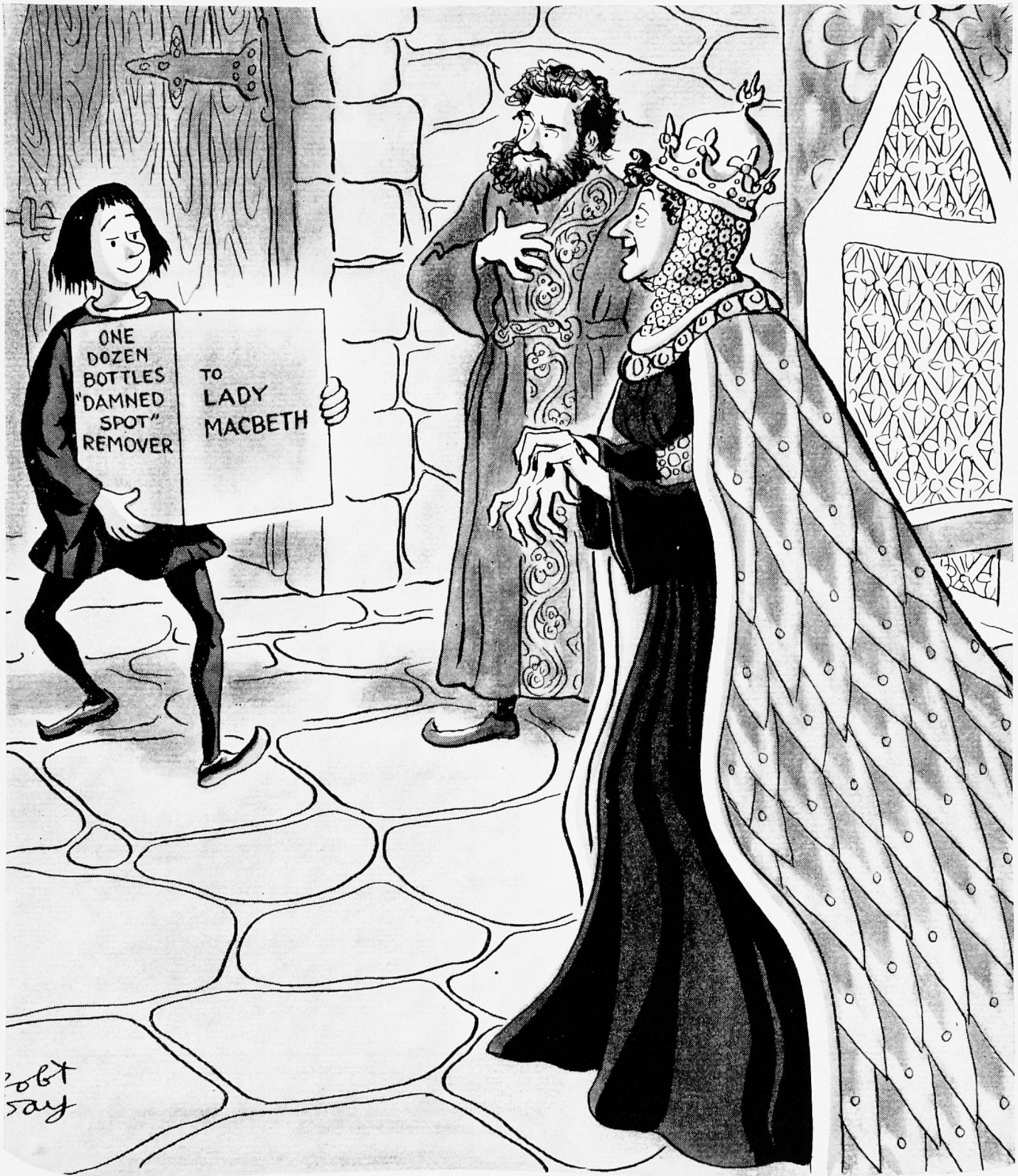
Registered Hereford Cattle

SPECIALTIES:—Dry Cured Bacon — Double Smoked Hams

GREEN HILLS FARM

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND



Ship anything... anywhere... in BATHURST CONTAINERS

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. • SAINT JOHN, N.B. • QUEBEC CITY • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • BELLEVILLE • TORONTO
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ANONYMOUS

COMPLIMENTS OF

A Friend



In honour of all hooked
God-fathers, Uncles and
other Relatives

For health, energy and
real enjoyment, choose
one of BRYANT'S
10 Delicious
Pure Fruit Flavours

7 oz. or 30 oz. sizes



Produced in one of
the most up-to-date
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Quality since 1896

Summer is
THE
TIME TO VISIT
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A paradise isle . . . blessed with beaches . . . shafted
with sunlight . . . sounding with sea. Air-conditioned
by the constant fanning of gentle Trade Winds,
temperatures are constant, humidity comfortable.

Summer accommodations are so reasonable that
your entire trip may cost no more than what you
would pay in the summer "on season" at a north-
ern resort or hotel. Wise people are spending a
summer vacation in Barbados.



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR INFORMATION

COMPLIMENTS OF

Westmount Realties Co.



R. W. RANKIN

COMPLIMENTS OF

Garage Mont-plaisir Ltd.



J. RANKIN

Best of Luck next year, Macdonaldites!

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Canada's finest specialty shops
for fashionable apparel and
Accessories at moderate prices

- Blouses
- Sweaters
- Hosiery
- Handbags
- Skirts
- Lingerie
- Gloves
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Evangeline

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OTTAWA
BARRIE
GUELPH

BROCKVILLE
KINGSTON
MERRITTON

PETERBOROUGH
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COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

Compliments and
Best Wishes

from

HALIFAX, N.S.





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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

A Residential University
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE
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Honours and Pass Courses are provided for the following degrees:

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Post-Graduate work is provided for:

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Licentiate in Sacred Theology (L.S.T.)

High School Teachers Certificate

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*For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements,
courses and fees, apply:*

THE REGISTRAR

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

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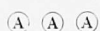


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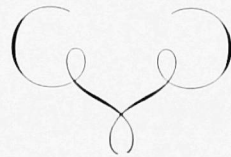
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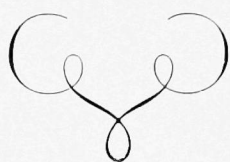
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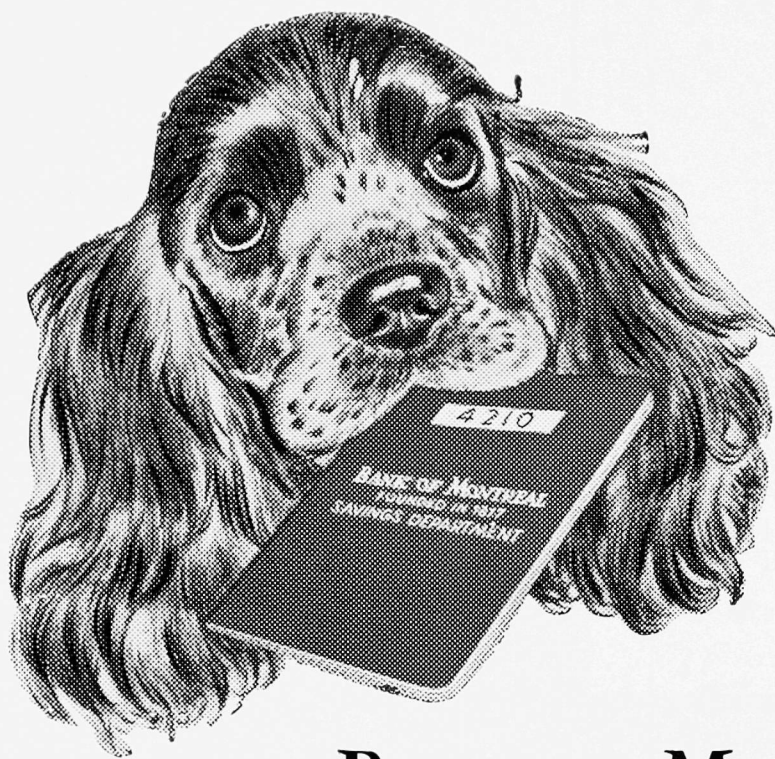
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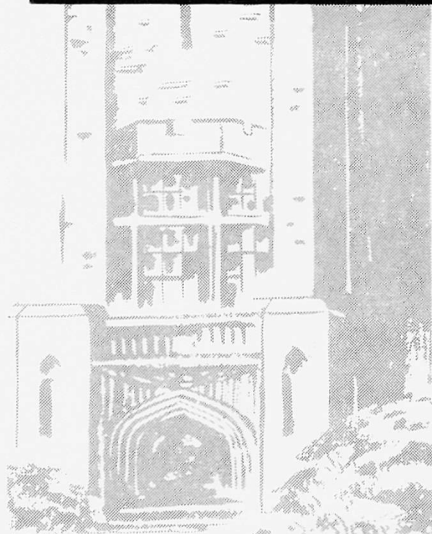
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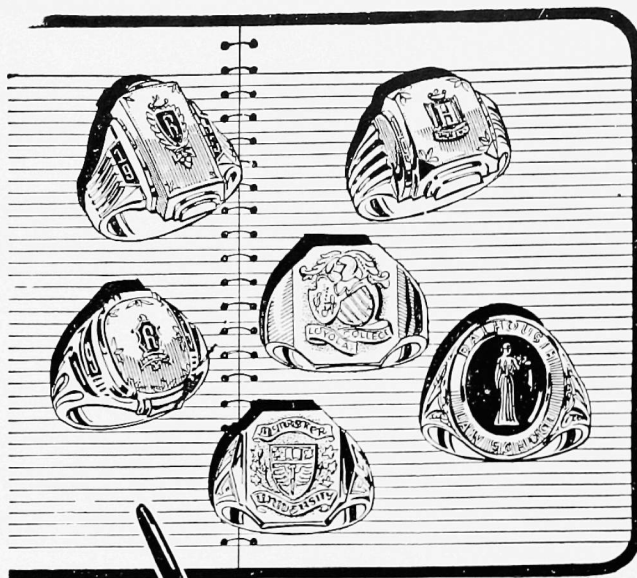
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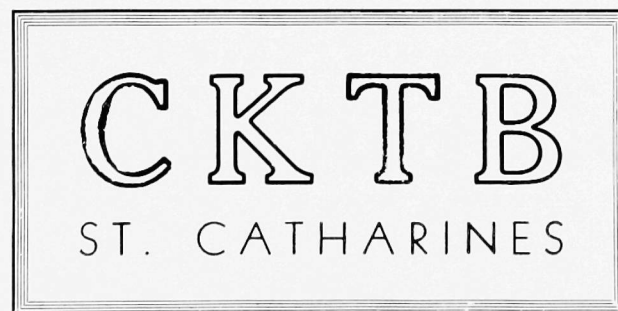
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